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Farm, Garden, and Household.

Maple Sugar Manufacture.

The season is at hand for maple sugar making, and the following extracts from a discussion by a Vermont farmers' club are timely and suggestive. One member is reported as saying: The secret of making good sugar is having everything about the manufacture clean and sweet. Buckets, holders and pans should all be thoroughly clean, and with proper care a first-class article can be made. A neighbor wished me to stir off some sugar for him that he might learn how to do it. I went to the neighbor's place, but before I got within twenty rods of his sugar-house I had found out why he could not make good sugar. His buckets were sour, and it was impossible to make good sugar with sap gathered from such buckets. In putting up my buckets I wash them in lime water and rinse them well in boiling water. I used to tap with a three-fourths inch bit, but now use one-half inch; prefer the latter. Generally bore three-fourths inch deep. I use about one load of wood to 100 pounds of sugar. Have no heaters, only common sheet-iron pans. Strain syrup through a flannel strainer; sugar off at once if I have time, if not, as soon as possible; do not use milk or anything else for cleansing sugar; use tin spouts mostly. Two pounds to a tree is a fair average yield. Hard work to make sugar for man and teams. Hardly think if I had no sugar house or fixtures that I should invest in that direction. used to take pans off at night; now strain and last thing at night fill up pans, and let them boil what they will, which will be about half the amount in the pans. Formerly thought this would color the sugar, but do not think so now.

Another also urged that everything should be clean and sweet about a sugar place, and said: The oftener you gather the sap and the sooner it is got into sugar the better. The best I ever made was sugared off the same day it was boiled. Use one-half inch bit; deep boring injures the tree more than shallow. Two to two and a half pounds are average yields. Think it pays well to make sugar.

Another said: I think that a heater, as they are called, is a great saving of wood. I have made from 800 to 1,800 pounds from 500 trees. Sap comes a drop at a time, just like a farmer's income. Save the drops. It pays every farmer to make his sugar and produce everything possible that he consumes. Let us see this year how much wood we burn and how many days' labor we expend, and we shall then know whether it pays to make sugar. Bought a copper wire strainer and did not like it. Better pay six dollars to a good sugar-maker for his skill than to make poor sugar, as too many do. Like to have the best of dry, hard wood for sugaring off. Great care is needed to have it just right to stir; done too much it is dry and sandy and flavor injured; not done enough it is damp and heavy.

Another said: The wood is an important item in sugar-making. Have had three arches; the last I laid myself, which is a great saver of wood over the others. Instead of filling up the space under the back pan to six or eight inches, let it be left level with the front arch, and the entrance into the chimney should be some six or eight inches lower than the bottom of the pan. The blaze will strike these obstructions, throwing the heat under the chimney, making the top of it the hottest place in your whole arch. Heaters save one-fourth of the wood, at least. I think sugar-making pays well. I use old fence stuff for wood that is worth little for anything else.

Another: I had on my farm in Waterford a good rigging for boiling sap. Heaters back of the pans into which the sap was put, and kept boiling and running into the pans in front. What heat you get under your heaters is so much clear gain, as it would pass out of the chimney. They will pay for themselves in one season. A spout made part of tin and part of gutta-percha is the best I have used. Sugar-making is good paying business.

One gentleman said: Transplanted maples no not afford as much sap as natural growth, but it is sweeter. Sugar-making, in my opinion, is the most profitable business of the farm. Like the mowing machine, it helps clean up the farm. Old wood and rubbish, always accumulating upon the farm, is the very best for boiling sap. But little remains to be said, as the subject has been fairly and ably handled. I object to tin buckets as more likely to sour than wood. Begin early. The first sugar made is always good, while the last is always poor—hardly worth making.

A remark was made by the Secretary that one improvement had not been attended to, viz.: the building of cisterns under ground, in which to put the sap when gathered, instead of the wooden holders in common use. When another gentleman said, in response: I had a cistern built, and wouldn't take the gift of the best holders in town and be obliged to use them. One large enough to hold 500 pails of sap can be constructed at a small outlay—not half the expense of holders of that capacity. Sap will keep two weeks, sweet and cool, in a cistern. Let it be placed upon a side hill above your sugar house, with a pipe running from the bottom of the cistern to your pan, and you have a handy apparatus, with no dipping of sap and waste thereby. No sugar-maker who has used one would do without it at any reasonable price.

Suggestions about Potatoes.

I see by the market reports that potatoes suitable for food are in demand, as another season of rot has injured the quality of potatoes for market. A remedy, if but in part, is to be desired. My opinion is that if persons raising potatoes for the market would observe a proper rotation, an improvement in quality would be the result. Meadow land that is dry and suitable for corn needs ploughing and reseeding occasionally. If such meadow is covered literally with fresh, rank and coarse manure, spread in the fall, winter or spring, and allowed to remain until near planting time and then turned under, we shall have the condition desired for a crop of corn.

If said corn-ground is ploughed in the fall, and harrowed in the spring following, and then ridged, we have the very best condition possible for a good crop of potatoes, ready for early planting, easy culture and clean tillage. Florists think that turf and manure, well rotted together, is the best material for potting tender or delicate plants. What more delicate plant have we to cultivate than the potato, to be satisfactory? For two seasons, I have planted early potatoes and dug them in August, stored them in a dark cellar, ploughed the ground and sowed with winter wheat the first of September, and reseeded to grass with favorable results. In 1861 the Rev. C. E. Goodrich was distributing seedlings. He recommended sward land for potatoes. A sandy sward may do for seed, but for the table I could not agree with him. I would as soon think of planting corn on a cranberry swamp, as potatoes for food on a rich sward, with rank manure. Some approve of burning coarse vegetable refuse and spreading the ashes on the land. They are good, no doubt, but I prefer to plough under all coarse manure, let it rot in the soil, and improve the condition for a good crop of potatoes. [Utica Herald.

An Experiment in Feeding Horses.

The London Omnibus Company use six thousand horses. To economize in food is an important matter, and has led to several tests, the result of which is recorded as follows:

To each of three thousand of their horses they gave a daily allowance of ground oats sixteen pounds, ground hay seven and one-half pounds, and cut straw one and one-eighth pounds—the hay and straw being cut into pieces about half an inch long, and well mixed up with oats in a little water, and so making twenty-six pounds of food for each horse. And to each of the other three thousand horses they gave a daily allowance of whole or unbruised oats nineteen pounds, and uncut or whole hay or straw thirteen pounds, without any water in our old-fashioned way, making thirty-two pounds of this food for each horse. And what was the result? Why, it was soon discovered that the horse who was fed on the twenty-six pounds of ground oats remained in as good a condition and could perform just as much work and do it just as well, too, as the horse did who consumed thirty-two pounds of food as aforesaid, thus showing a saving of six pounds of food per day in favor of bruised oats and cut hay.

J. R. Holmes of Manchester, Michigan, has just sold five trees on his land in Clinton County for $600. Four of the trees were black walnut and the other was a cherry. They were bought for the Detroit market, and the same man offered $680 for eighteen walnut trees standing on the same land, being the price Holmes paid for the eighty acres.

Milk.

As the product of the dairy in this country is one of the most universal—scarcely a family in the land but has a cow—and furnishes one of the largest sources of the wealth of the United States, it seems proper that any and all knowledge derived from the experience of those who have had the greatest practical advantages, both by scientific research and untiring, persevering and practical demonstrations, which have resulted in great advantages over the ordinary process generally practised by our predecessors from time immemorial, should be freely made known. I say it seems to me to possess an importance scarcely equalled by any other improvements of the day, and should be brought to the notice of all, whether the possessor of one cow or one thousand.

"Milk, like blood, is a living fluid, and begins to die as soon as it leaves the seat of vitality, and has just that heat which most rapidly accelerates a change to damage it." Hence it becomes a matter of the first importance that the animal heat should be expelled as soon as possible after being drawn from the cow.

The following method, as now practiced in the main by all our best butter and other manufactories of milk, and the best dairymen of the country, will be a matter of great interest to all who may adopt it. Nearly every manufacturing establishment of milk, which receives milk from different dairies, has a set of printed rules, which, though varying slightly in the expression, yet all agree in the main principles. I will therefore adopt the substance of what all agree in, and to a considerable extent, copy the language verbatim.

1. The milk shall be drawn from the cow in the most cleanly manner, and strained through wire-cloth strainers; (afterwards it is strained by some through fine linen, and others use flannel strainers.)

2. The milk must be thoroughly cooled after it is drawn from the cow, in the can in which it is contained, in a tub or vat of cold water deep enough to come up to the height of the milk in the can, containing three or four times as much water as the milk to be cooled; the milk to be occasionally stirred until the the animal heat is expelled.

3. In summer, or in the spring and fall, the water shall not be over fifty-two degrees temperature. This may be drawn from a well or made cool by the introduction of ice, or better still by running water from a spring where the temperature will be uniform, necessary to reduce the temperature of the milk within forty-five minutes to below fifty-eight degrees; and if night's milk, to remain in such bath until the time of bringing it to the factory, and to be below fifty-five degrees. The morning's milk not to exceed sixty degrees when brought to the factory.

4. In winter, or in freezing weather, the water should be kept nearly at freezing point by the addition of ice or snow, that the temperature of the milk be soon reduced below fifty degrees.

5. In the spring and fall weather a medium course may be pursued, so that night's milk shall be cooled within an hour below fifty degrees.

6. If in running spring water, it should be so arranged that the water flow over the top to carry off the warm water. The can in which the milk is cooled should be placed in the water immediately after the milking, and remain there until the process of cooling is finished.

7. The night's and morning's milk should be separately cooled before mixing.

8. Cows should not be fed on turnips or any food that will impart an unpleasant odor to the milk.

In the manufacture of butter, the milk when cooled is set in tin cans about twenty inches in height and six inches diameter, and in a vat of cold water as near forty-five degrees as convenient; if higher, the water should be cooled with ice. The cream will in this way separate entirely from the milk in a few hours, but is usually allowed to stand twenty-four hours for convenience, when with a tunnel shaped dipper it is removed and placed where it becomes slightly sour, when it is churned with a dash churn, being kept in a cool place.

Oil Meal for Calves.

A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer relates his experience in feeding oil-meal to calves, which he found highly beneficial. The calves were taken from the cows when three days old and taught at first to drink sweet milk, on which they kept until the stomach became strong, when milk that had stood over one milking was fed twice a day. At this time he commenced feeding oil-meal, stirring it into boiling water and afterward mixing with the milk. The quantity which he could hold in one hand was used at first, and, as the calves became accustomed to it, this quantity was increased. When too much was given, scours were produced, which was readily controlled by reducing the quantity of the meal.

This feed was continued until pumpkins were ripe, when they were substituted for milk and meal. Afterward good hay was given until February, when bruised oats were added until the pastures were ready, when the grain was dropped and the calves were turned to grass, and on October 5th they weighed 2210 pounds (the pair on which the experiment was made). This showing is a good one surely. The stock to which the calves belonged is not given.

Agricultural Items.

Farmers who have no other returns than from the growth of a single year, are always poor, and generally in debt.

The Amherst College weather record shows that seventeen inches of snow and 21.74 inches of water fell during February. The three winter months have been four degrees colder than the mean temperature.

The State Legislature of Vermont provides that freight wagons carrying more than three tons in weight, and less than four, shall have the rims of their wheels at least four inches wide, and if carrying more than four tons, five inches.

The first mule ever taken into the Hoosac tunnel was brought up recently after a three years' residence in the bowels of the earth. He began to kick vigorously as soon as he reached the surface—a thing he was never known to do before.

There were marketed last year in Chicago 3,690,000 hogs and over 47,000,000 bushels of corn, at prices which the trade circulars says, in their perculiar manner, were "hardly satisfactory to the producers, although as good as could be expected."

The California Farmer says the sugar beet crop belonging to the Sacramento Sugar Company looks splendidly, and the profit will be very large per acre. They have 1000 acres in beets in the bottom lands of the American river, in the lower end of Brighton township, and are cultivating them closely.

Some horses in Hartford have been attacked by paralysis of one side, sometimes involving merely the hind leg and sometimes both. Cases have occurred where a livery horse was taken out and had to be left in the country on account of a seizure by this disorder. It is feared that a number will perish.

A series of experiments, instituted to test the average loss in weight by drying, shows that corn losses one-fifth, and wheat one-fourteenth by the process. From this the statement is made that farmers will make more by selling unshelled corn in the fall at 75 cents than the following summer at one dollar a bushel; and that wheat at $1.32 in December is equal to $1.50 for the same wheat in the June following. This estimate is made on the basis of interest at seven per cent., and takes no account of loss from the depredation of vermin. These facts are worthy of consideration.

A Kentucky editor received the following note from a subscriber, asking that a false notice of his death might be corrected: "Sir, i not is a few errors in the obituary of myself which appeared in your paper of last wensday, i was born in greenup co., not caldwell, and my retirement from bisnis in 1869 was not owin to ill helth, but tu a little truble i had in connection with a horse, and the cors of my death was not small pox. please make correctsons for which i enclose 50 cents."

Memory.

Stand on a funeral mound.
Far, far from all that love thee:
With a barren heath around,
And a cypress bower above thee;
And think, while the sad wind frets,
And the night in cold gloom closes,
Of spring, and spring's sweet violets,
Of summer, and summer's roses.

Sleep where the thunders fly
Across the tossing billow;
Thy canopy the sky,
And the lonely deck thy pillow;
And dream, while the chill sea-foam
In mockery dashes o'er thee,
Of the cheerful hearth, and the quiet home,
And the kiss of her that bore thee.

Watch in the deepest cell
Of the foeman's dungeon tower,
Till hope's most cherished spell
Has lost its cheering power;
And sing, while the galling chain
On every stiff limb freezes,
Of the huntsman hurrying o'er the plain,
Of the breath of the mountain breezes.

Talk of the minstrel's lute,
The warrior's high endeavor,
When the honeyed lips are mute,
And the strong arm crushed forever:
Look back to the summer sun
From the mist of dark December;
Then say to the broken-hearted one,
"'Tis pleasant to remember!"

A Hurried Courtship.

I was a young man possessed of sufficient means to enable me to live at my ease, and retrain from labor of any kind, when suddenly there came a blow that scattered my prosperity to the winds, and forced me to employ my labor and wits in the general struggle of gaining a living. The blow came in the shape of the failure of a large firm in which my capital was invested.

After securing a clerkship in the house of a creditor of our late firm, my first care was to look up a less expensive boarding-house than the fashionable one in which I was living. I inserted an advertisement in several widely circulated city paper, asking for reasonable board in a strictly private family, and of course received a multitude of answers by next post. Out of this motley installment of epistles, there was but one which pleased me, and that one I decided to answer in person immediately.

Grace Kingsley was the name of the favored landlady writing to me, and the letter stated that her house was entirely private having no boarders whatever. I was much pleased with the fair, delicate handwriting and an idea took possession of me that Grace was a young and fascinating widow. I was not disappointed when I reached the house, and my ringing at the the door-bell was answered by the lady herself. She invited me into the parlor in a manner so courteous, and yet so modest, that I had fallen desperately in love with her before I could cross the threshold.

I enjoyed a very pleasant chat with Mrs. Kingsley. During the conversation she informed me that her late husband had been in a fair way of business, and at his death, which occurred a year previous, had left her in pretty comfortable circumstances. They had but one child; and this item of mortality I was most graciously permitted to look upon, as it lay peacefully slumbering in its cradle. I also learned that the lady was living in the house quite alone and desired a male boarder more as a means of protection than as a source of revenue. In conclusion, the landlady looked so pretty (she was quite young, not more than two or three and twenty) and the board so moderate, her companionship so inviting, and she seemed to trust in me, and look upon me so favorably, that I would have been a heathen, dead to all charms and inducements of the sex, if I had not engaged board on the spot.

The next day I had my trunk removed to my new boarding-place, and permanently established myself there. Before leaving my former boarding-house, a letter was handed me by the postman, but I did not find time to examine it until I was comfortably ensconced in the parlor of Mrs. Kingsley's cosy house.

Opening the letter, I discovered it to be from a wealthy uncle of mine, residing in Vermont, who regularly sent me a letter once a year; but whom I had never seen. His epistles were always short and to the point, generally consisting of an account of the weather in his locality, and some good advice to me to take care of my money, as I might be burdened with some of it before I was much older. I was always very glad to get this advise from him as I regarded it as an intimation that I was to inherit his wealth on his decease.

One day, however, about a year previous, I received a letter from him which contained another topic besides those I have mentioned. My uncle made some pressing inquiries respecting my matrimonial prospects, and stated that if I was not already married, I should immediately enter into the wedded state, and let him know of it, or he would never more be an uncle of mine.

Now, as my uncle lived in Vermont and I in Philadelphia, and I never anticipated the old gentleman would pay me a visit and discover the falsehood, I wrote and informed him that I was not only married but the father of a bouncing baby. This intelligence so pleased my uncle that he sent a gold goblet and a silver pap-spoon, to be presented to my child. I at first sat down and wrote a very romantic letter to my uncle, thanking him for the presents, and then visited the nearest jewelry store and turned both the goblet and spoon into cash, which I pocketed.

I had received no further letters from my uncle until the one which I read in Mrs. Kingsley's parlor. The postscript to this not only astonished, but absolutely frightened me. I read as follows:

P. S.—I have never visited Philadelphia, so I have decided to do so at once, and get a look at you and your wife and child. You may expect me about the 10th of the month.

"Good gracious! My uncle is coming to visit me," I exclaimed; "and its past the 10th of the month now! I don't know at what moment he may pop in. What am I to do for a wife and child?"

At that moment there came a terrible pull at the door bell as if the man who pulled it imagined that he owned the house and could make as much noise as he pleased. A sickening sensation took possession of me, for I had a misgiving that it was my uncle. Now as good fortune would have it, Mrs. Kingsley had gone out to a neighboring store for a few moments, and had requested me to have an eye on her child while she was gone, so it wouldn't fall out of the cradle and hurt itself. As I glanced at the cradle, and thought of my uncle at the door, a bright idea entered my mind. I determined, in case the visitor was my uncle, to claim the youthly occupant as my own.

The visitor proved to be my uncle. I knew him by the pictures of him I had seen, and he likewise knew me by my photograph. After a mutual recognition and hand-shaking, I ushered my honored relative into the parlor and introduced him to my newly claimed offspring.

"There, uncle," said I, "is the first pledge of our married life. I assure you I take pleasure in presenting to you my child."

"It is a fat little youngster," said my uncle, gazing at it admiringly. "By the way, what is it, boy or girl?"

That was a knotty story for me to answer, for he was just as much acquainted with its gender as I was. But it would not do to show ignorance on the subject, so I answered at hap-hazard that it was a boy.

"I am sorry it is a boy," said my uncle; "there are too many boys in the family. Now, if you had only produced a little blue eyed girl, it would have been more sensible."

I assured him I was sorry the gender did not suite, but hoped in the future his wishes would be gratified.

So far I had succeeded in deceiving my uncle, but the worst I feared was, that when Mrs. Kingsley returned, she might object to my claiming ownership in her child. Besides, to carry out my deception I must find a wife as well as an infant, and Mrs. Kingsley was the only one I could conveniently claim. The only difficulty was to get her consent to the deception, and this might be done if I could only secure a private conversation with her before I introduced her to my uncle, then it would be all right.

I watched my opportunity, and gained an interview with her before she entered the room. I told her, in a few brief and hurried words, the extent of my difficulty, and how I had taken the liberty of acting as papa for her little one. I then told her I must find a wife somewhere, and begged her to allow me to introduce her in that capacity. She laughed very heartily at the suggestion, said she could comprehend my difficulty, and consented to my proposal, and very roguishly warned me not to presume upon the occurrence.

We then entered the parlor and I introduced her as my better half. My uncle was very much pleased with her, and complimented me upon my good choice in the selection of a wife. Mrs. Kingsley, of course, colored most charmingly at this compliment, and I could plainly see that she could scarcely refrain from laughing.

"You have a fine boy here," said my uncle to Mrs. Kingsley, pointing to the cradle.

"Excuse me sir," said she, coloring up again, "its a girl."

I was dumbfounded. I was exposed in my iniquity. Would my uncle believe me after this? He looked from me to my pretty landlady with a puzzled countenance.

"Your husband told me it was a boy, he said, and rather suspiciously, too, I thought.

"Well, I always took it for a boy," was my reply, putting on a bold face, "but I suppose my wife knows best."

Here Mrs. Kingsley fairly screamed with laughter, and my uncle's stern face assumed an ironical smile.

"You are a nice father, ain't you?" he said, touching me with the point of his umbrella, "not to know the sex of your own child. Why, I knew it was a girl the moment I looked at it."

"But, Charley he said again addressing me, "what did you do with the goblet and pap-spoon I sent to the little one?"

"Oh, they are pertectly safe, I assure you," I replied. "I have taken good care of them."

"Yes, but where in the deuce are they? I would like very much to take another look at them."

"Well, I have deposited them in a bank for safe keeping, but I can readily produce them—that is—in the course of a week's time."

He told me to do so, as he wanted to see them, and then I got out of the room, for fear that he might ask me some more perplexing questions.

A short time afterward, Mrs. Kingsley came to me, when I was alone, in an adjoining room and I saw immediately that something very humorous must have happened, for the corners of her lips were breaking into smiles.

"Do you know, sir, into what an awkward predicament you have got me?" she inquired, as she took a seat on the lounge by my side.

"Explain yourself," I said.

"Why, your uncle came to me a short time ago, and asked to see my marriage certificate, and he said he had some money to settle upon us immediately, but wanted to be sure that everything was right first."

"Did you expose me?" I inquired anxiously.

"No, sir, I did not, for I never enter into a deception, or anything else, by halves."

I was so elated that I could not withstand the temptation of embracing her. This did not make her angry, for she nestled her head cosily on my shoulder and smiled serenely.

"What answer did you make him?" I asked.

She hesitated for a moment, and then said:

"I promised to produce the marriage certificate."

"But we haven't got any," I then remarked.

She indulged in a quiet little laugh to herself, but said nothing.

"Mrs. Kingsley—nay, my dear madam—no, I will call you darling—we are both in a scrape, and there is but one way for us to get out of it. We must go and get married immediately. Will you be my wife?"

"I shall be delighted," she answered, frankly, and seizing both my hands, said that she was ready for a frolic of any kind.

We lost no time I assure you. I don't think Mrs. Kingsley ever got into her Sunday clothes in such a hurry in her life before, while I spoiled two pairs of suspenders in my frantic endeavors to be on time. We quite astonished the parson by our haste, and at the conclusion of the ceremony, I would have forgotten to give him the usual "fee," if he had not reminded me of it.

We had secured the coveted marriage certificate, signed and sealed, and were now safely out of our difficulties, as we thought. We had omitted one precaution, as we presented the certificate to uncle. It was all right with the exception of the modern date.

"Why, how is this?" said my uncle, gazing at the document through his specs; "I thought you were married over a year ago."

"So we were, uncle," I answered very solemnly.

"How comes it, then, that the certificate is dated to-day?" he asked in a voice of thunder.

We were struck speechless, both my wife and I.

"Come," said my uncle, "I see there has been some trickery here. Own up to it, or I will never forgive you."

I did own up to it, and told him the whole story. I expected it would make him angry, but it didn't; for he laughed heartily, and said I was a clever rascal, and he was proud of me.

"But how about the gold goblet and pap-spoon? You haven't been drawing the wool over my eyes about them, too, have you—eh?"

I told the truth about the goblet and pap-spoon.

"Why, you are a regular trickster," said my uncle. I believe you would deceive Satan himself. But I won't get angry with you, for I used to play the same games when I was young."

In a word, we became thoroughly reconciled, and my uncle settled upon me a sufficient income to enable me to quit my irksome duties as a clerk. He has gone back to Vermont, and I can but say in conclusion, that when he pays us another visit, I can show several "little people" that I call my own, and without telling a falsehood.

A conductor on the New Haven and Northampton road while taking fares the other day was asked by an old gentleman, "What do you do with all this ere money you get of passengers as don't have tickets?" "Put it in my pocket," answered the good-natured conductor. "Just what I thought," said the inquisitive gentleman, returning to his newspaper.

A woman at Omaha dreamed that a man would come along and sell her some pills which would cure her dyspepsia. Sure enough he came and she bought the pills, took two, and was cold as a hammer when her husband came home.

Bridges.

The Chinese lay claim to having been the first bridge builders, and as the word bridge does not occur in the Bible, we are led to believe that the ancient Jews and Egyptians were unacquainted with this method of crossing streams to any considerable extent. Giant trees which had stood on the borders of water courses had been blown down by the wind, or had their roots undermined and lay extended from bank to bank, are supposed to have first suggested the use of bridges.

Chain bridges were familiar to the people of China more than eighteen centuries before they were made in Europe. Some of the bridges in that country are of exceeding magnificence. There is one near Pekin, built wholly of white marble, with elaborate ornamentation, executed in the highest style of Eastern art. Others yet more beautiful and imposing span the canals, having a grand triumphal arch at either end. Some are flat, without arches, marble flagging of great length being laid on piers so narrow that the structure seems almost suspended in the air without support of any description. These bridges do not require to be made very strong, for only foot passengers cross them, and this accounts for their elegant and fanciful construction. The more massive structures have immense arches, the centre one being usually about forty feet wide and sufficiently high for junks to pass without striking their masts. The ascent to the bridge on each side is by stone steps, and in this respect they resemble the Rialto and other bridges of Venice.

The ancient Peruvians, under the reign of the Incas, displayed great skill in the construction of both roads and bridges. The latter were made of a sort of native osier, which possessed extreme tenacity. These osiers were braided into cables the thickness of a man's body, then stretched across the water, the ends run through holes left for that purpose in immense walls of solid masonry on each bank and secured to the natural rock or pieces of heavy timber. The road bed was generally twenty feet wide and sometimes exceeded two hundred feet in length, with railing of osier on both sides. Planks were laid transversely across the cables for the flooring, and notwithstanding the structure rested several hundred feet above an abyss, and was very fragile in appearance, it afforded a safe means of communication for men and heavy burdens. The oscillation of these bridges was frightful and the cause of frequent alarm; besides, there was an unpleasant inclination toward the centre that made the passage more or less difficult.

The first bridge of which we have authentic record was erected by Queen Nicotris over the Euphrates at Babylon, 2204 B. C. It was a drawbridge 660 feet in length and 30 feet in width, resting on stone piers, without arches, and connected with each other by a framework of plank, which was drawn at night to prevent the inhabitants on opposite sides of the stream from passing and committing depredations on each other. The piers were made while the bed of the river was free from water; the course of the stream having been diverted into a large lake, but subsequently restored to its original channel when the work was completed. The stones of the bridge were fastened together by iron clamps, soldered with lead. Nerxes, B. C. 481, constructed a suspension bridge over the Hellespont, the flooring of which rested upon enormous cables made of flax and papyrus twisted together, and then stretched taut by means of windlasses. Bridges of boats have frequently been resorted to, both in ancient and modern times. Darius, under the pressure of military necessity, threw a bridge of boats over the Thracian Bosphorus, B. C. 521.

The Romans were the first people in Europe to apply the arch to bridge building. Julius Cæsar constructed a wooden bridge across the Rhine at Cologne, in the short space of ten days. It was the first structure of this kind built in Northern Europe, and was erected B. C. 56.

Army equipments, both in ancient times and in our day, have included small boats, or casks, and sometimes both; the latter being used to support the rafts for the passage of both infantry and artillery.

Venice, the city of canals and bridges, has no less than three hundred and thirty-nine of the latter, mostly of small span.

The London bridge was erected A. D. 994. It was first made of wood; was destroyed and rebuilt several times, the present structure being the sixth which has stood on or near the same site. It was erected at a cost of upward of $2,000,000. When the original bridge was builded the bed of the river was made dry by diverting the water through a channel, commencing at Battersea and terminating at Rotherhithe. Houses and shops stood upon the first bridge until 1756, when they were demolished.

The advancement made in the science of engineering has produced results in comparison with which the efforts of ancient skill are entirely dwarfed. One of the most celebrated bridges of our time is the Brittania bridge, 1,100 feet long, reaching over Menai Strait, and connecting Carnarvon with Anglesea. It is a tubular structure, resting on piers. An island of solid rock stands midway of the Strait, and upon this firm foundation the ends of the tubes rest. The Niagara Falls railroad suspension bridge is 900 feet in length, and the Cincinnati bridge of the same construction, is 1,100 feet. Each structure consists of a single span. The East River, or Brooklyn bridge, now in course of construction, will be 5,862 feet in length and 80 feet broad. The cables are to be 15 inches in diameter, each having 19 strands, containing 270 parallel steel wires one sixth of an inch in diameter. Each strand is soaked in boiled linseed oil and wound closely with wire one-tenth of an inch in diameter and then covered with several coats of paint. The ends of the cables are to be fastened to anchor walls on opposite side of the river. The estimated cost was originally placed at $7,000,000, but it is now thought it will greatly exceed that sum.

Death a Lifting Up. I love to think that what seems to be the mystery of the silence of death, which envelopes so many that we loved on earth, is not really a mystery. Our friends are separated from us because they are higher than our faculties can go. Our child dies. It is the last we see of him or her. He is lifted so far above us that we cannot follow him. He was our child. He was cradled in our arms but instantly, in the twinkling of an eye, God took him up in his own sphere. And we see him not. But it is because we are not yet developed enough. We can see no spiritual things with carnal eyes. But they who have walked with us here, who have gone beyond us, and whom we cannot see, are still ours. They are more ours than they ever were before. We cannot commune with them as we once could, because they are infinitely lifted above those conditions in which we are able to commune. We remain here, and are subject to the laws of this realm. They are gone where they speak higher language and live in a higher sphere. But this silence is not the silence of vacuity, and the mystery is not the mystery of darkness and death. Theirs is the glory; ours the waiting for it. Theirs is the realization; ours is the immaturity striving to be ripe. And when the day comes that we shall disappear from these earthly scenes, we shall be joined by them again; not as we are—for we shall not be then as we were, but as they are with God. We shall be like them and him. [Henry Ward Beecher.

A Cincinnati lecturer is dilating on the injurious effects of corporal punishment, and especially "spanking," and small boys eagerly take their parents to listen to him.

Hanging in Old Times.

It is really surprising to those of the present century to learn for what comparatively light and trivial offences capital punishment in the olden time was inflicted. A correspondent gives the following incidents: While John Hancock was Governor of the Commonwealth, Rachel Whall was hung in Boston for highway robbery. Her offence consisted in twitching from the hands of another female a bonnet worth perhaps, seventy-five cents, and running off with it. I mention this not to the disparagement of the Governor. He, doubtless, acted upon a sense of duty, thinking it best for the community that the laws of the land however trightfully severe—while they were laws, should be executed. A lad eighteen years of age was hung in Salem for arson, during the administration of Governor Strong, similar appeals in his favor being considered and overruled. Yet the intelligence and the humanity, alike of the Executive and of the Council, notwithstanding the result arrived at in both these instances, were unquestionable. Within the same period, a gentleman saw a girl seventeen years of age hung in London, for stealing a silver cream pitcher. Edward Vail Brown was hung in Boston for burglary, committed in the house of Captain Osias Goodwin, Charter street, and stealing therefrom sundry articles.

I once owned a set of the Old Bailey Trials (1785 to 1825] embraced in a series of, perhaps, fifty-eight quarto volumes. The earliest of the volumes contained the details of the trial of the unfortunate Dr. Dodd, for forgery, whose touching appeals for mercy here recorded were fruitlessly enforced by the splendid eloquence of Johnson. In a later volume, long after the commencement of the present century, eight separate capital convictions are recorded as one day's job of a single tribunal, the culprits being all boys and girls between the age of ten and fifteen, and their offences petty thefts. One case I remember of peculiar judicial atrocity. A young girl in her eighteenth year was indicted for stealing a roll of ribbon worth three shillings. The prosecutor's evidence was to this effect: "The prisoner came into my shop and purchased some ribbons. I personally knew her and was on the most friendly terms with her. When she left I accompanied her and offered her my arm, which she accepted. We conversed together. As we reached the corner of a street leading to the Bow street office, I turned toward it. She said she was going in another direction, and bade me good morning. No! you are coming with me! I saw you steal a piece of ribbon. She immediately implored me for God's sake to overlook it, and restored to me the article. I said to her that I had lost many things in this way, and was resolved to make an example—I was determined to have her life." And he got it.

I can never forget how my blood boiled as I read the evidence of this cold-hearted wretch. In view of the judgment of a merciful God, far rather, it seemed to me, would I have been in place of that poor, frail, erring girl, on the scaffold, than in the place of her heartless accuser. I rose from the perusal of these volumes horror-struck with the continuous record of inconceivable cruelties. It appears to me that the seventy thousand hangings in the reign of Henry VIII. were matched by an equally long list of persons condemned to be hanged in the reign of George III. Since that time much has been done by Romily, Brougham, Macintosh, and Sidney Smith, and as much, perhaps more, by kindred philanthropists, on this side of the Atlantic. [Concord, N. H., Patriot.

An Eloquent Tribute.

In an exceedingly brilliant piece of descriptive writing in the London Daily Telegraph from the pen of Mr. George Augustus Sala, relating the manner of the obsequies of the late Emperor Napoleon the following occurs. After dwelling upon the appearance of the chapel, and the numerous grand personages, male and female who were present at the Mortuary Mass, the writer proceeds to say:—

But the Shadow of Death envelopes in gloomiest adumbration this bevy of *grandes dames de peur le monde*, whose names awaken so many reminiscences of fascination, of brilliance and splendor. Motionless as statues, and but for an occasional sob, wholly silent, they sit conning their missals or counting their beads. Only once during the weary hour or more of their waiting is there some stir among them. This is on the arrival of two Sisters of Mercy in their snowy wimples and heavy black robes and veils. These are the two Sisters, who, since the Emperor's death, have been praying beside the pallet on which his corpse was laid. These are two recruits sent from the Mother House in the Rue du Bac, Paris, from that noblest army of martyrs in the cause of humanity of which the foundation is due to the fervent, yet practical piety and charity of St. Vincent de Paul. Where are these blessed women not to be found? By what deathbed, in what hospital, goal, or convict hulk, what fever-stricken village, and what plague-smitten hovel, what red battlefield, have they not sat and watched and fought the good fight, binding up wounds, cooling parched lips, closing weary eyes? Now they are kneeling by the couch of a dead Emperor; now they are biding in a town in China, steadily striving to wean Chinese mothers from the commission of infanticide; now they are in the midst of rapine and carnage, working—all feeble woman as they are—like giants, to mitigate the horrors of war. No wonder that, as these two admirable women pass to their seats—and seats of honor have been apportioned to them—hands are stretched out to meet theirs with kindly pressure, and more than one low murmur is heard of *"les bonnes sœurs!"*

Here is a true dog story: A family down town having a false grate, in one of the rooms of the house placed some red paper behind it to give the effect of fire. One of the coldest days this winter the dog belonging to the household came in from out of doors, and seeing the paper in the grate deliberately walked up to it and laid down before it, curled up in the best way to receive the glowing heat as it came from the fire. He remained motionless for a few minutes; feeling no warmth he raised his head and looked over his shoulder at the grate; still feeling no heat he arose and carefully applied his nose to the grate and smelt of it. It was cold as ice. With a look of the most supreme disgust, his tail curled down between his legs, every hair on his body saying "I'm sold," the dog trotted out of the room, not even deigning to cast a look at the party in the room who had watched his actions and laughed so heartily at his misfortunes. That dog had reason as well as instinct. [Troy Times.

An exhibition of birds was recently held in the Crystal Palace, in London, at which over half a million canaries were exhibited. A prize having been offered for the most eccentrically colored bird, there were the drollest arrangements in dyes, having every variation of color in plumage. The price at which each fancier held his birds was appended in the catalogue, one being valued at a thousand pounds, and several at prices ranging from one to five hundred pounds. There were two birds who gained favor by their enthusiastic loyalty, one—a green parrot—loving to whistle "God save the Queen," and the other—a beautiful green paroquet, with an owlishly profound expression—crying "Three cheers for the Queen! Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!" The loyal parrots were repeatedly asked their opinion on the Central Asia question, and one being asked its sentiments concerning the Prince of Wales, excited great mirth by replying, "Pretty green pet—pot of beer!"

The Eastern Railroad.

A correspondent of the Boston Traveller gives the following summary of the great improvements which have been adopted by this road to secure the safety of the travelling public:

In the first place the employes of the road have uniforms and badges indicating the positions they occupy, enabling a stranger to obtain all necessary information as to baggage, starting of trains, etc., etc. Passengers are not allowed, except at their own risk, to jump on the cars when they have started from the Boston depot, the gate to the entrance being closed as soon as the signal is given for the train to start thus saving the lives of belated travelers who thoughtlessly rush for cars when in motion. Each car has a placard plainly indicating the place to which it runs, which answers the question in a majority of minds, "Does this car go to such or such a place?"

The means adopted to secure safety on the road, are worthy of special commendation. The air brake, which enables the engineer to stop the train almost instantaneously in case of danger, is a great acquisition. The telegraph and automatic signal indicating the position of the different trains on the road, insure, as far as human agency can, against collision or disaster. The silent working of the latter chronicling each mile of travel, telling at every depot when a train is approaching and indicating when it is a mile away, is truly a wonder.

The outlay for these improvements, added to the cost of new cars which have been provided must be very great. The luxury of the Pullman cars, of which there are a number we have not alluded to, but liberality in expenditure in this direction is sure in the end, to be a good investment. The depot accommodations in Boston are too small and cramped for the rapidly increasing business, but we learn everything possible is being done to secure more room and better accommodations.

A new depot is nearly or quite finished at Somerville, and it is hoped the stations on the road (many of them sadly need it) will early in the spring be supplied with new and commodious buildings. The travel on this road is enormous, and we are glad to find the management of it is inclined to meet the reasonable wants of the patrons of it.

The Eastern road is supplying their road with steel rails as fast as the old ones are used up. Some twenty-five miles of this rail were laid last year, and ultimately the entire track will be thus furnished. These rails are twenty-eight feet and four inches in length, and weigh 600 pounds each. They will wear four times as long as the ordinary rail and cause less jar and motion to the cars. The saving by them upon the rocky portions of the road bed over the old, is very marked.

An Indian Grave.

Our second day's march brought us to the Saline river, where we encamped for the night. From our camp ground we could see on a knoll some two miles distant a platform or scaffold erected, which resembled in somewhat one of our war signal stations. Curious to discover its purpose, I determined to visit it.

Taking with me Comstock and a few soldiers, I soon reached the point, and discovered that the object of

Letter from Florida.

Correspondence of the Journal.

ST. AUGUSTINE, March 3.

I left the steamer at Tocoi and came hither on an express train over the St. John's railroad. When I say an express train I mean a train made up expressly for the nine passengers who came on shore from the Florence at 10 A. M., and were not inclined to wait six hours for the regular train. Our train consisted of a platform car, with two extemporised benches on it, one boy for engineer and conductor, and one horse for locomotive. The distance from Tocoi to this place is fifteen miles; our train ran it in three hours. On the passage we discovered an obstruction on the rail in the shape of a piece of plank; our engineer, with "wonderful presence of mind," stopped his horse, got off and kicked it out of the way. Of all the railroads I have yet seen, the St. John's—the rails for two miles being iron, for the other thirteen wood—is the cheapest in every sense of the word; but it is the road over which persons visiting St. Augustine have to pass.

St. Augustine is, probably, the oldest settlement in the United States; dating back as it does to 1566, when a colony of Spaniards located here. But little is accurately known of its early history; that little fills a dark and bloody page in the volume of the past. It was burned by Sir Francis Drake in 1586; sacked and robbed by an English pirate, Davis, in 1665; a portion of it burned and its plantations ravaged by the allied forces of the English and Creek Indians under Gov. Moore of St. Carolina in 1702; attacked by the same combined force under Col. Palmer, of the same State, in 1725, the growing crops on its plantations destroyed, the buildings in its vicinity burned and its inhabitants driven to seek refuge in the castle. In 1740 it was beseiged and bombarded for some twenty days from Anastasia Island by Gov. Oglethope, founder of the colony of Georgia. The marks of his cannon balls are still to be seen on the eastern wall of Fort Marion, then called the Castle of San Marco. In 1862 it was taken possession of by the Union forces without any opposition, and the fort garrisoned by troops from New Hampshire.

It is built on a peninsula lying between the St. Sebastian and Matanzas rivers. Its resident population is about two thousand; about the same it was in 1740, the garrison included. Between it and the Atlantic lies Anastasia Island, a narrow tract of land about eighteen miles long. There is a bar at the entrance to the harbor, the depth of water on it rarely exceeding five feet. The buildings are principally of coquina, a coglomorate or concretion of minute sea shells, the principal locality of which is on the island. It is quarried in blocks of about the same dimensions as the stones used in the construction of granite buildings with us. The streets, with the exception of a few of modern origin, are narrow, varying from twelve to twenty feet in width; few of them are wide enough to admit of carriages passing each other. Treasury street, so called, leaves Main street with a width of seven feet, and gains one foot by the time it reaches Charlotte street. On the front of many of the older houses there are balconies from the second story, extending one-third of the way across and over the street; here and there in the widest streets you find a sidewalk on one side, two and very rarely three feet wide; single file is the rule of locomotion here. Many of the old coquina houses are abandoned and gradually going to ruin. There are a few beautiful houses of modern date built by Northerners who come here to reside for the greater part of the year. Take it for all in all, it is a queer old place; there is nothing like it in the United States; it is an old fragment of an old city of the Old World, drifted across the Atlantic and stranded on the coast of Florida. It must be beautiful by moonlight; but as the moon is absent on a visit just now and I cannot wait for her return, I must lose the sight; but there will be more soon—for the lunatics I leave behind me.

Near the centre of the city is the Plaza, or common, as we should call it. It is oblong in form, inclosed with a fence, contains a large number of ornamented trees, water oak, red cedar, pride of India or Chinaberry, &c., is three hundred and ten feet in length and one hundred and thirty in width. In the centre of it is a monument of coquina, square at its base, about eighteen feet in height; inscribed on it are the words, "Plaza de la Constitution," and another inscription in Spanish setting forth, in substance, that it was erected in 1812 in commemoration of the constitutional form of Government then recently adopted in Spain.

Opposite the eastern end of the Plaza, on the north, stands the St. Augustine Hotel, from the roof of which the best view of the city can be had. Opposite the western end is the building, a quaint, old time-stained edifice, which was formerly occupied as a dwelling by the Spanish Governors, but is now occupied as a Custom House, United States Court room, &c. Between the Plaza and the river, on the east, is the Market House, about sixty by twenty-four feet; its foundation is coquina, a few feet high, floored with brick, and on it are fourteen pillars, or columns, seven on each side, built of the same material, and over it is thrown a wooden roof; the ends and sides are all open. I have never seen any sign of life or business in or around it; all the meats exposed for sale are required to be disposed of, in some mode or other, at a very early hour in the morning.

Opposite the Plaza, westerly from the Hotel, is the Roman Catholic Cathedral; a venerable edifice in its exterior, dark and gloomy in its interior; its ceiling is painted, its floor made of concrete. The walls are adorned with paintings; none of them of any particular artistic merit. As I stood, hat in hand, under its vaulted roof, its gloom rendered more intense by the faint light of the lamp that has hung suspended from its ceiling and has never been extinguished since the church was constructed, I felt as if I too could kneel with the solitary penitent I found there and with her confess my sins, and pray to be forgiven; but I didn't, because I came here not to confess my sins but to "do" St. Augustine. In its queer, old Moorish belfry there are four bells from which is pounded thrice-daily the angelurs; on one of them is the inscription, "Sancte Joseph, ora pro nobis, A. D. 1682."

At the north end of the city is the City Gate; or, rather, the two square pillars, built of coquina, of course, each surmounted by a globe, on which in olden times, when it was a fortified city, the city gates swung; a deep ditch and the remains of an old wall here and there define the limits of the walled portion of the city. The first thought that passed through my mind when I looked at these partially decayed pillars, standing solitary and alone in the waste that surrounds them was—Tadmor in the Desert! There they stand, their post never forsaken, fighting manfully against time, the never tiring foe of all man's handiwork, scarred and battered, still holding their ground, monumental mementos of an age long since gone by, of a power and glory long since departed. If it were not an idle wish, one could wish that they might stand as and where they are for ages to come. In my next you shall hear more of St. Augustine.

W. G. C.

Execution of Foster.

NEW YORK, March 21, 1873.

The final act in the "Carhook tragedy" is closed. William Foster, who murdered Avery D. Putnam two years ago, has at last suffered the extreme penalty of the law. He was hanged in the prison yard of the Tombs at precisely 9:15 o'clock this forenoon, in the presence of about three hundred witnesses. There was an immense crowd of people in the streets around the gloomy walls of the Tombs, all anxious to hear the first tidings from within, and when it was announced that Foster had met his fate, a murmur of relief ran through the assembled thousands.

Within the Tombs walls, previous to the execution, the scene was exceedingly solemn and impressive. The men who had been commissioned as special deputy sheriffs to witness the hanging stood with uncovered heads waiting the appearance of the sad little procession, composed of the prisoner, the officers in charge, and the faithful spiritual adviser. Overhead was a large canvas awning, stretching from the south wall of the prison to the main prison, completely hiding the scaffold from the view of the people who thronged the roofs of the adjacent buildings. A brisk March breeze lifted this huge canvass in undulating waves and threatened to break it loose from its fastenings.

The gallows was the same which has done duty in eleven previous executions. The last time it was used before to-day was on the occasion of the execution of of the negro Thomas, in 1871.

The police arrangements for preserving order in and around the Tombs were admirable. Two hundred policemen, detailed from the various precincts, were on hand, under the immediate command of Superintendent Kelso.

Although Foster was in a terribly nervous and weak condition last night, he met his death to-day with a great deal more fortitude than was expected. He was almost calm, and seemed resigned.

Previous to the execution, Rev. Dr. Tyng, Foster's spiritual adviser, made a very lengthy prayer. During the prayer Foster showed considerable uneasiness. Then the death warrant was read amid breathless stillness.

Foster lay down on his bed about two o'clock this morning. At six he arose from his bed and with remarkable self-posession prepared to make his last toilet. Breakfast was provided for him by the matron, but he refused to eat.

Soon after the Rev. Messrs. Tyng and Schoomaker arrived, and administered spiritual consolation to the unfortunate man during his last two hours in this world.

At the appointed hour, eight o'clock this morning, the Deputy Sheriffs met at the Sheriff's office, and having received their black staves of office, marched in solemn procession to the Tombs.

THE PRISONER'S BEHAVIOR.

Foster, after the departure of his relatives last night, returned to his accustomed seat in the corridor near the stove, and engaged at intervals in conversation with his keepers, Deputy Sheriffs Hanbury and Seebacher. He said but little, however, and seemed to be engaged in deep meditation. His cell door was opened near him, but he maifested no desire to sleep. Hours passed in this way. At 12 o'clock, midnight, the verge of the day on which he was to die, Warden Johnston visited the prison and spoke to the doomed man. "About what time do you go to bed?" asked the Warden. "Well, about 10 or 11 o'clock generally," replied Foster; "that is, when I get sleepy, but I am not sleepy to-night." No wonder he was not sleepy. Twenty feet from him the gaunt scaffold reared its outlines dimly in the inky blackness of the night, and would be invisible were it not for the gleaming of the lamps on the walls in the prison yard. At one o'clock this morning he still sat in his chair silent save at rare intervals, but with no signs of fear about him, and nothing whatever of bravado—a quiet and resolute man. He finally retired to rest a little after 3 o'clock, and slept soundly till awakened this morning by the sheriff.

Warden Johnson remained in the prison all night prepared for any emergency, and ready for the sad work of to-day.

FOSTER'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

When Foster first appeared in the Coroner's office, two years ago, he was a decidedly repulsive looking man; his face was red and swollen from excessive drinking, and he looked thoroughly dissipated. Long imprisonment had somewhat refined his skin and features, and in his last days he was a fine specimen of humanity, almost handsome. He was a little taller than the medium hight, round shouldered, small, closely drawn mouth, thin lips, and had a well shaped aquiline nose. Altogether his countenance was strongly and intelligently marked, and once seen not easily forgotten. He dressed through his confinement with unusual neatness, and was most cleanly in his habits and appearance. Even during his last days he was most exact in his toilet and dress.

HIS RELATIONS.

His uncle, Mr. Kemp, the druggist of William street, has left no stone unturned to save his unfortunate nephew. He would have spent his whole fortune, it is said, to have spared him the ignominy of the scaffold. Foster's brother-in-law and sister, and his other relatives, visited him constantly during the last days of his confinement in the tombs. His faithful, noble wife, clung to him to the last, with undying love, and when the last trying moment of farewell came, her heart was almost broken.

AN OLD PLAYMATE HIS KEEPER.

Deputy Sheriff Baird, who watched the prisoner Wednesday night, the last night but one for him of life, was years ago a playmate of the doomed man, and has known him for twenty-eight years. What strange feelings the fact must have aroused in both!

AN EASY DEATH.

Foster died very easily. There were a few convulsive movements of the limbs, and all was over. The body was left hanging thirty minutes, when it was cut down and placed in charge of a coroner for inquest.

Terrible Tragedy.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Mar. 24. A terrible tragedy occurred near Bordentown last Saturday. G. W. Holtshonsen, one of the oldest citizens, was sitting in his office with his son, D. W. Holtshonsen, when his married son, J. Holtshonsen, entered and, without speaking, pulled out a navy revolver and shot his brother.

The wounded young man rose from the chair and as he did so received another shot near the shoulder, when he fell forward receiving a third shot on the crown of the head, the ball lodging under the right eye.

The fratricide immediately left the premises and has not been heard from since. The cause of the murder is supposed to be a feud of several months' standing. All the parties heretofore were held in the highest esteem, and great excitement is caused by the affair. The father and mother of the young man are nearly 75 years of age, and the grief of the venerable people is heartrending.

The press says that Capt. James Lyman of Portland, while in a restaurant in New York, was roughly assaulted by a "rough," whom the Captain took in hand, and thoroughly whipped.

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A Sensible Liquor Law.

The law for the regulation of the liquor traffic, which we believe originated in Illinois, is becoming very popular in the western and middle states. Connecticut is the only New England state that has yet adopted it. The idea which distinguishes this law from prohibition, is that of making the licensed seller responsible to the community and to individuals who may suffer from illegal sales. It touches him in that tenderest of spots the pocket. The legislature of Indiana has just passed this law and Gov. Hendricks has approved it. We have already given a synopsis of this statute, but will again state its provisions. In the first place it absolutely prohibits sales or gifts of liquor to minors, intoxicated persons or habitual drunkards, as well as all sales on Sundays, election days, holidays and earlier than 6 a. m., or later than 9 p. m., on week days; affirms the liability of the seller to pay a reasonable compensation to those who may take charge of and care for any person who becomes intoxicated with liquor obtained from such seller; prescribes that "any person becoming intoxicated shall, on conviction, be fined five dollars and be required on his trial to tell where he procured his liquor, and on refusal to do so there shall be added to his punishment imprisonment of one to ten days. It also provides that any husband, wife, parent, guardian, employee, or other person who shall be injured in any way by any intoxicated person, or in consequence of the intoxication of any person, shall have a right of action against the persons who gave or sold the liquor which caused the intoxication, and also that the owner or lessee of the premises shall be equally liable for damages with the seller of the liquor, though execution must first be levied upon the property of the vender. Under the terms of the act a married woman has the same right to bring and control a suit as a single woman. The unlawful sale of liquors works a forfeiture of the lessee ot the premises, and all suits may be brought in any competent court, and judgments recovered without relief. When no husband, wife, child or guardian appears to prosecute, the township trustees or other officer may prosecute and pay over the amount recovered for the benefit of the poor.

Revival of an Old Time Project.

The Directors of the Maine Central Railroad have recently been waited upon by gentlemen from Quebec interested in building a railroad from that city to a connection with the Maine Central, upon the upper waters of the Kennebec. The object is to reach tide water on the Atlantic coast, and thus furnish a winter outlet for the lower St. Lawrence, as Montreal now has for the upper waters of that river in the Grand Trunk to Portland. These gentlemen lay before the public a pamphlet printed in Quebec the present year, which contains the facts connected with the proposed enterprise, accompanied by a map. The Levis and Kennebec Railway was incorporated by the legislature of the province in 1869, with a capital stock of three millions, and a subsidy of the interest on $5000 per mile for twenty years. The distance from Quebec, or Levis, on the opposite side ot the river, to the point of crossing the frontier, at or near the head of the Chaudiere River, is ninety miles. The map accompanying the report, makes a connection of this road with the Maine railroads at Solon, the termination of the road now under construction from West Waterville to that point. This would leave a gap of about fifty miles to be provided for—a gap that cannot remain long without being filled, when the very great advantages to the railroad system of Maine are considered. A director of the Maine Central recently said to us that he considered this the most important railroad project now in agitation upon the soil of Maine, and altogether the most likely to be carried out. The project made a very favorable impression upon the board generally, and the Canadian committee received much encouragement from the interview.

When this road shall be completed, two points of winter connection with the ocean present themselves—Portland and Belfast. From Quebec to Portland by this route the distance is 256 miles; from Quebec to Belfast, 233—a difference in favor of Belfast of 23 miles. The Maine Central will probably seek to place more business upon the Belfast Branch, by encouraging here a connecting point with tide water for the provincial business, when this connection shall be made.

Those who remember the Belfast and Quebec Railroad excitement of thirty-seven years ago, will see that almost one half of the route then surveyed has been built, and that the present generation will probably see a train arrive at Belfast direct from Quebec. This was one of the possibilities of the future which was had in view at the leasing of the Belfast road by the Maine Central.

We are not only in favor of hanging the proven perpetrators of deliberate murder, but of punishing with severity the thieves that are from time to time detected in robbing the mails. It is the meanest crime that can be committed by any person holding a public trust. Such robberies often take the funds of persons whose little all is entrusted to the integrity of the mail service; it throws suspicion upon innocent persons, and every honest man, in the department and out of it, is interested in detecting and punishing such dangerous scamps.

The Folly of a Fool.

There is scriptural authority for the declaration that "the lips of a fool will swallow himself." The proverb is modernized in the saying "give a fool rope enough and he will hang himself." In pursuance of this idea we copy the second effusion of the collector of this port as the best possible means of giving a correct idea of the caliber of the man, and of accounting to those abroad for the universal disgust which he excites in his official position here. A man worsted in a conflict of wit which he has invited, and drunk with rage in consequence, may be as profitably allowed to make of himself a warning spectacle as the intoxicated slaves of the old Greeks. Hence we cheerfully afford the space required.

A few comments may be in order. It will be noticed that our photograph is presented, and that we are reproached with not being good looking. This is probably true. But we submit that it is no fault of our own. Many excellent men have labored under the same misfortune, yet achieved tolerable success in life, and some even places in history. It is hard, but we shall have to endure the reproach as best we can. But should we not, if our picture is to be taken, be allowed to select the artist? A photograph is a sun picture, and is always truthful; but there may be a difference between a portrait by the sun and the son of a ——.

The allusion to a lady, which Barnabus endeavors to make so pointed, is one that any other man would be ashamed of. We are sorry to find ourself wrong in the supposition that we had a controversy with a man, and a white one. The Indians of the west, when retreating from stealing expeditions, endeavor to carry off a woman to interpose between themselves and the shots of pursuers. Probably there is no man in Maine who possesses so thoroughly the low cunning and treachery of the Comanche as does Roberts. Accordingly we are not surprised to find him interposing this lady as a shield, in retreating from his raid on Belfast. And the protection is effectual. We have too much respect for even the imputed statement of a lady, in such matters, to publicly question it. Deference to the sex allows anything of that nature to pass unchallenged at any and all times. A woman's privilege is to talk; a man's duty is to be silent, whatever the facts of the case. But the collector will make a much better figure in future if he fight openly like a man, and seek no refuge behind the petticoats of Percie.

There is nothing else in that weak and incoherent production that calls for serious notice. The bridge question is entirely ignored, and replaced by the drivel of a madhouse. In a former article we argued the impropriety of the collector of Belfast taking the stand he had, and quoted instances in the management of the office showing that he openly disregarded the laws, by engaging in trade himself and permitting other officials to do the same. We should be glad to have any one point out any reply to this in the article we copy. The fact is that there is room for the gravest conjectures in regard to the management of the affairs of this custom-house. Mr. Roberts, the collector, is a dealer in articles that himself has charge of levying and collecting duties upon. His business partner has already had expensive interviews with government detectives. His chief assistant is an importer of foreign goods for stores in two cities. Mr. Tucker, an official, is also deputy sheriff is defiance of executive rules. These are the sore points, and account for the wrath when they are touched. The fear of losing the double teats is very great.

A word in regard to Stockton, and we are done for the present. We are falsely accused of a hostility to the town, when in fact we regard Stockton as containing some of the worthiest people, the most enterprising men, and the smartest ship masters of any place in our knowledge. The trouble is that it permits Roberts and Hichborn to be its mouthpieces, and they render it ridiculous by their windy ways. If they are alluded to, they cry—"Oh, you are hostile to Stockton!" When the town is out from under their leadership and influence, the ridicule will cease. The case is like that of the English lawyer who angrily inquired of a smiling looker on: "Do you see anything ridiculous in my wig?" "Nothing but the head," was the reply. And there is nothing in Stockton specially laughable except its self-assumed head.

Nursery Rhymes.

We observe, as the reader will, that Barnabus quotes at us some of Mother Goose's Melodies, which seem to be favorite reading with our learned antagonist. It is painful to see such a poverty of intellect working in a field that might yield so much. Nursery rhymes are frequently turned to good account. Let us show him an example:

A is an ass, and King Barney his name;
B is his bray, when he utters the same;
C is the Custom House, where he don't belong;
D is the devil, that helps him along;
E is an eel, not so slimy as he;
F is for fool, which he knows how to be;
G is the gridiron, on which he's to fry;
H is for Hichborn, all ready to cry;
I is for ignorance in Barney's disputes;
J is the jackass that stands in his boots;
K is the knave, in euchre cling to him;
L is a looking-glass, Barney can view him;
M is molasses, for sale by the quart;
N is the nation, with laws that are naught;
O is ourself, in a pitiful plight;
P is for Percie, and love at first sight;
Q is a custom house quack, if you please;
R is a rat, in a government cheese;
S is for solemn, and that's how we feel;
T is a tariff, that's lowest on steal;
U is your uncle, perhaps Uncle Sam;
V is veracity, with Barney a sham;
W's for whats-his-name, ready for trade;
X is a greenback, dishonestly made;
Y is a yawl-boat, in which you may row;
Z is for zero, and Barney's below.

—Barnabas thinks our face wears a puzzled expression. How could it have any other, after reading his remarkable literary performances? The first white man that saw a gorilla howling in his native wilds, was also puzzled.

—Barnabas calls our nose a stub. We are thankful that it is. If Belfast is to be infested by him, the less nose each inhabitant has, the less annoyance.

—Rev. Mr. Shorey has resigned his pastorate at Camden, and is to become connected with the Maverick church at East Boston, the Herald says.

—Eight news articles which cost us pains and expense to procure, are put forth as original in the Bangor Whig of Saturday last.

—Barnabas says that we are not the man we were What a terrible load the same change would relieve him of.

—L. B. Brown, Esq., whose pen has contributed much to the versatility and vigor of the Augusta Standard, has retired from that paper, which will be conducted in future by E. F. Pillsbury, Esq.

Letter From Boston.

Correspondence of the Journal.

BOSTON, Mch. 24.

There has seldom, if ever, been a week so devoted to the feminines of busy Boston, as the past; and have'nt we had a jolly time, trying to see all there was to be seen? Somehow the atmosphere has been constantly filled with flying chips from the hatchet of Dame Gossip, hurled relentlessly at the little weaknesses in our composition. I tremble to think of the result, if the good Lord had not made the universe in six days and appointed Sunday to rest. Alas! there must have been many a masculine wailing, and wiping his nose over "all that is left of her."

Jordan, Marsh & Co. have much of the commotion to answer for. Well they knew when they inserted that advertisement about the three days openings that there would be no end to the victims who would tumble into the gap. Other invitations from equally popular establishments, have flowed freely, and spite of the many blowings up we had from saucy March, for the much being out, we've kept harnessed the whole week, ready to trot at a moment's notice.

Well! what we saw, with squeezing, and being squeezed, regardless of the "latest edition" which sat so jauntily when we started, we will deal out to the persuasion down east, what we saw at Jordan Marsh's without keeping them, as Mrs. Partington says, "any longer in suspenders."

The first thrilling item, in the new era of the complicated paraphernalia, is the death of overskirts. Each successive season, for several years, has tried a death blow to the favorite piece of dress up, without effect, but seventy-three, with its many miracles, will answer for the deed. Polonaise are still left as a remembrance, and are much like the style of last year in shape. There seems to have been a grand ignoring of the rainbow in colors, for the numerous new shades have as yet never been seen in the beautiful sash which encircles the waist of blue sky. Even three and four shades are seen on one dress, and Yak lace is indispensible to the whole. One prevailing and ludicrous fashion is a sleeveless jacket of cloth or velvet, to be worn over any dress; the effect can well be imagined. Just fancy a sleeve, which has oft dipped its oar in the gravy boat, sticking through a glossy coat with shining buttons In many cases the sleeve is of a different color from the waist, invariably when the dress is of two shades. Millinery made much of the entertainment, and the continued applause gladdened the heart of Charles, who has revelled in the heaps of laces and flowers for many a week. It is almost impossible to describe the entangled mass; but hats turned up and hats turned down, and hats with no turn at all, are all fashionable.

Feathers, birds, and flowers, with ribbon, which two years ago we should have thought old Sol had smiled rather sickly upon, make the head gear which is to perch on the rats and mice which have to work themselves to the very topmost pinnacle of our feeble brain. A noticable feature is the prevalence of buckles of jet, brass and steel, which in one respect will cause us to fulfill the scriptures by "buckling on our armor" Of course the March openings do not give one a perfect idea of the styles later in the season, but with this slight peep we are convinced there are heaps of sewing over to be done on those costumes which are hanging up stairs in the best bedroom closet,

The most diligent specimens of spring workers are seen in the sparrows who are untiring in their efforts to get repairs upon their summer residences. Stray bits of string and cotton are jealously watched, and the saucy little fellows almost nip from our very wardrobes their necessary building material.

The ceaseless toil suggests the trying season of house cleaning which soon comes to all of us. That sorry time for the poor male, when the fond wife of his bosom, drives him from the house with the dust-pan and broom, perchance to the house of somebody's else wife, who has finished cleaning, alas! often to the peril of both households.

Maggie Mitchell closes the coming week one of her most successful engagements in Boston.

The first new granite block erected on the burnt district is occupied, and minus the Mansard roof, displays a good amount of Yankee enterprise.

The funeral of McElhaney who was executed on Friday, was largely attended in Cambridge. His virtues were loudly proclaimed, without an allusion to the cause of his untimely death.

The Jubilee Singers gave their last concert the coming week, before leaving for Europe.

"Prob" is dealing out a slight snow squall as I am about to post this document.

"Alas! for the rarity
Of the old fellow's charity
Under the sun."

—Think of the Belfast, Custom House in the possession of barnabas to roberts, and imagine that civil service is being reformed!

—The partner of Barnabas made a terrible blunder about the location of the proposed bridge. The name of the firm ought to be changed to Barnabas & Blunderbas.

—Barnabas acknowledges that though an officer of the customs, he deals in tea, sugar, molasses, &c. Thus while accusing us of being a gross sinner, he confesses that he is a grocer.

—Barnabas says he has brickbats handy for yelping curs. His friends had better take them away, or he may commit suicide.

—Barnabas alleges that we have tried to be witty and failed. He seems to have tried to be stupid, and achieved a great success.

—When Barney assumes the style of a king, he probably thinks of the line of the hymn, "My mind to me a kingdom is." But the whole income of that realm wouldn't keep a flea from starving. Let us suggest an epitaph for his majesty—

Here lies that Barney, called the king,
Whose word no one relies on;
He always says the foolish thing,
And never does a wise one.

—Barnabas says he don't like to have curs bark when he is making talk. That's right. One at a time.

—We are indebted to Hon. Eugene Hale for a volume containing the population tables and social statistics of the ninth census.

—The city government of Newburyport is deserving of the thanks of the civilized world for its example. It has forbidden organ grinders to play for more than ten minutes in front of any block.

Letter from Rockland.

Correspondence of the Journal.

ROCKLAND, March 24.

Miss Josie Booth with a theatrical company opened Monday 17th, to a full house. They performed here four nights to good houses, and gave general satisfaction.

The malpractice case still holds on and has lost none of its interest. It will probably conclude this week. Both parties are confident of success, but somebody has to be disappointed.

The large number of persons summoned before the Grand Jury this term, on the rum question, all failed to convince that honorable body that there was a single place in this city where liquor is sold. The persons that are seen reeling through the streets probably all get their stuff out of town. Oh! of course.

We have a new City Marshal, Mr. Joseph T. Young, who outstripped all his competitors for the office. He entered upon his duties last Saturday. He was foisted in by influence of the "temperance ring," with the understanding of having his salary raised $270.00, making it $1000 per annum; the extra pay to be made up by the ring should the city fathers refuse, the condition of the contract being that he should make it warm for the peddlers of the article that "biteth like a serpent," &c. How well he will succeed, time will determine. The temperance party now have the support of everything to make their hobby a success. The battle is not always to the strong, and too much of a good thing sometimes disgusts.

Another of these big storms visited us last week, and deranged everything, blocking up the highways, and obstructing the rails. The trains got through, however, but were some hours late.

Mr. Lynde, having settled with the insurance companies, is now busily engaged in removing the debris, and preparing to again open his house for the accommodation of the summer travel.

Business is picking up, and everything looks fair for a good season of business. The islands will employ larger numbers of men this season, and our lime business will be much greater than last year. Hurricane Granite Co. have the contract for the new Post Office at St. Louis, Mo. The building will cost about $4,000,000. Gov. B. Gratz Brown has the contract for the sub-basement, which is to be of red Missouri granite.

The crowded state of our hotels still continues. People are obliged to accept what they can get, and deem themselves fortunate to obtain lodging in a chair. There is need of another good hotel here.

The Lime Rock Bank has increased its capital stock to $105,000, and gone in as a National Bank.

Saturday forenoon, 22d, the body of Alexander Philbrook was discovered on the flats, in rear of the Thorndike Hotel, and in close proximity to a small pink-sterned schooner of which he was the owner. He was seen the day previous, and the conjecture is that he fell overboard while endeavoring to secure his craft which broke from her moorings Friday night. He was about forty years of age, and is a non-resident. VIM.

PORTRAIT OF BARNABAS. We don't like to be behindhand in courtesy, but we can't just yet reciprocate the kindness of Barnabas in furnishing our portrait to the Age. Our engraver is at work on a full length picture of the collector, which everyone will recognize at a glance, and out of which more fun can be extracted than from anything that has been given to the public here for a long time. It will be no painting in words, but a genuine product of the graver.

The Bay and River railroad enterprise does not seem to be making much progress. With the exception of Camden, none of the towns on the line exhibit much interest in it. In Lincolnville an article was inserted in the warrant to see what the towns would do as to subscribing to the stock, but the town voted to pass the article. None of the towns seem to have done even as much as that and the enterprise looks decidedly discouraging. [Prog. Age.

If the above had originated in this paper, we should probably be accused of still deadlier hostility to Stockton, and possibly charged with having been refused by *two* ladies of that town.

The English and American detectives at New York, have arrested Warren, the leading spirit in the Bank of England forgeries, and have secured most of the funds.

The majority for Bell, one of the Democratic Congressmen in New Hampshire, is figured down to four. It is very close, and probably only the official count can determine it. The radicals claim a small majority for Straw for Governor.

—Barnabus is the most illogical of writers. He says we are but four feet high, and that we couldn't get spliced! An argument on such unequal legs, of course hobbles. Again, we are charged with being "of corporosity rotund" that is, we have got pursy, and we've *not* got Percie!

—The Belfast Branch is far from being alone in its troubles from snow. The Maine Central train from Bangor was four hours late at Waterville, and the Piscataquis road was four days in getting over its track.

—Senator Caldwell, of Kansas, finding his expulsion from the U. S. Senate, probable, on a charge of bribery, escaped that fate by resigning.

—Barnabas reproaches us with having a mouth that puckers. That's because we never see him pass without an irresistible impulse to whistle the Rogue's March.

—Fred. Douglas said the other night that the American Eagle sometimes lays bad eggs. Probably he had seen the occupant of the proud bird's custom house in this city.

—Barnabas advises us to tune our harp. By carefully reading this paper he will see that we are stringing up the lyre.

—It is not astonishing that Barnabas professes to be sorry for us. He always was a sorry fellow.

—Barnabas desires to know if we expect to be given the Custom House. Not at all. There is one excellent reason why it should be his. Our Lord pointed out Judas as the betrayer by giving him a sop.

—If Barnabas was to change his name for another Scriptural one, what should it be? Go-liar, of course.

—Barnabas says he's not going to be tied to his post here in Belfast. He would be if the whipping post hadn't gone out of fashion.

—No appointment of Judge or Railroad Commissioner will be made until the May session of the Council.

—Nine bachelors of Bangor have delighted the girls with a recent hop, at which everybody was happy. The Commercial tells us how they all looked, and what they wore.

—Hon. C. P. Kimball is delivering, in the western part of the State, his excellent lecture upon the past, present and future of Maine.

There are many men that never come to God until forced by trouble; men try everything else, and when all fails then they come to Christ. It puts me in mind of a man fleeing from the Sheriff, he runs until he is out of breath, the officer gaining all the while, until at last he says panting "I yield." So God pursues us, and when we are fairly run down we yield, but not until then. [Beecher.

Generalities.

Hon. Joshua A. Lowell of East Machias, died at his residence at that place last Thursday, week.

When you get ready to paint, hunt up the adv't of Burgess, Fobes & Co., in our columns, and read it.

A man at Grand Rapids, Mich., lately paid for an axe which he stole twenty years ago. His conscience was slow but sure.

It is reported that a son of Brigham Young is going to marry a newly-established female seminary.

The Lewiston Journal is happy that the snow drifts on Maine street have been reduced by March weather to 8 1-2 feet in depth.

A Danbury sport wears a ten cent silver piece on his shirt bosom, and calls it a dime and pin, which it certainly is.

The American says that Asa Jenkins of Waltham was so seriously injured by the falling of a dead tree last Saturday, that his life is despaired of.

Clara Tracy of Eden lost her ear ring on the road in a snow storm and Capt. Thompson's horse picked it up, it being found in a snow ball knocked from his foot.

The North Star says a little girl, daughter of Mr. Daigle, just across the river from Fort Kent, had her right arm torn off the other day in a threshing machine.

The New York Senate on Thursday adopted a resolution denouncing the increase of salaries at Washington, and calling upon Representatives in Congress to urge the repeal of the law.

The Whig reports that an animated Shore Line R. R. meeting was held in Bangor, Thursday evening, and that the committee appointed to investigate the matter reported in favor of city aid to the extent of $150,000.

It is stated that J. F. Shepherd, Treasurer of Schuyler county, New York, has absconded, being a defaulter to the extent of some $20,000. When he absconded a woman not his wife accompanied him.

Fred W. Cooper, a distributing clerk in Boston post-office since November last, has been arrested on the charge of robbing and destroying money letters. He acknowledges having taken $315, though it is believed his stealings will amount to much more.

A large two story house on the Owls Head Road, in So. Thomaston, owned by Mr. O. H. Perry, and known as the "Cooper" place, was totally destroyed by fire, with nearly all its contents, at about 1 o'clock Sunday, while the family was absent. The house and contents were insured for $2450.

The body of Alexander Philbrook, aged about 40 years, was found on the flats near a wharf at low water, in Rockland Saturday, near a vessel which he owned. It is supposed he fell overboard Friday night, while endeavoring to secure his craft which had broken from her moorings.

Two respectable families have resided in a house on Charter, between Salem and Commercial streets, for some years past. Within two weeks past there have been two deaths, two marriages, and two pairs of twins born upon the premises on the same day and at the same time, by the hour glass. [Boston Herald.

A correspondent states that Mrs. Houtvet, the survivor of the recent Isle of Shoals tragedy, has nearly recovered from the effects of the terrible scenes through which she passed on the night of March 6. It is said that great efforts will be made to clear Wagner, but the circumstantial evidence is too strong and the chain too perfect to be broken.

Willie Hix, a lad of about eleven years of age, son of T. W. Hix, Jr., of Rockland while playing with some companions in a barn Wednesday forenoon, fell or jumped from a hay mow and struck upon a pitchfork, one of the times of which entered his breast, and it is supposed penetrated his heart, causing death almost instantly.

Americans look with pride upon the many premiums for exceeding merit awarded exhibitors from this country at European International Exhibitions. Especially are Walter Baker & Co., of Boston, to be commended for meriting and securing the first premium at the Paris Exposition for the finest preparations of Chocolate and Cocoa, although coming in competition with the whole world as well as the most celebrated French manufacturers. Baker's Chocolates may be procured of all dealers.

From the Progressive Age.

"William Billy Simpson."

Photographic. Bachelor-button. Corporo-ity rotund: approaching pomposity. Height, five feet and 7-10 inches, *within a foot*. Eye-brows *not* arched. Eyes sky blue, or gray: take your choice. Cheeks, *cheeky*: "Color, ashes of roses." Nose, stub, or *pug*. Optional. Mouth, expression "*peculiar*;" it has a pucker, and then it hasn't a pucker. Best described as that in it had just been *pulpiny* cold porridge within it.'

"Bean porridge hot,
Bean porridge cold,"

What is incident Billy fers for quoting poetry. Here *put* he applies it. Are sells-atisfied with an it. Sort of puzzled look. Not quite assured whether he is a wit or blackguard—

"I doubt to deem himself a God or beast."
"Ding dong bell
Cats in the well."

"Wilkins?" "So saying his proud step he scornful rared," (to Stockton.)

"And to biased thus plained,"
"Sight hateful. Sight tormenting!"

What is the matter, Billy? Why are you so uncomfortable about Stockton? Why can't a body do or leave undone a single thing to suit you? If the town prospers it gives you a cold sweat. If some of its business men are unfortunate, you sing them. If Chicago or Boston buries, you *diddle*, because Stockton holds insurance stock. Stockton attempts to pioneer a very important railroad; you sneer at its bonds. (Do your live in a glass house?) You will even ride in the cars coming from Stockton! What *is* the matter, Billy? "It is rumored—and thereby hangs a tale," that a fair lady—unfortunately a former resident of Stockton, and once a correspondent of the Journal, didn't quite appreciate the irresistible genius who presides in McClintock's block, up two flights. That in selling her contributions, she did not include her precious self. In a word a *half* pair of *mittens* was the result. And thereupon, (if this wasn't so, he can deny the "soft impeachment,") the doughty editor took his bed, and has not been the man he was, since. This adding another to the long list of witnesses, that "true love never did run smooth." Hence his not over love of Stockton (to blame) that blighted his hopes. Hence the hitting right and left, friend and foe—alike, of that ill-starred town. Is it a fact, Mr. Simpson, that you propose to move to Portland, to get as far away as possible from this hated town?

"Tick-a-tick-a-tick-a-tick,
The *mouse* ran up the clock."

Poetical quotations are contag

CITY STREETS. Mr. C. P. Carter, Street Commissioner for the city district for the past municipal year, gives the following statement of work done in said district during the year. About 8 rods of the lower bridge built anew, and the bridge kept in repair through the year. About 25 large culverts taken up and rebuilt. A large portion of the sewer from Custom House square to Front street rebuilt. Two and a half miles of street repaired with five inches of earth and four inches of gravel. Street to lower steamboat wharf rebuilt and thoroughly repaired. Three large sunken drains built as follows: one on steamboat hill, one on Wilson's hill, and one at H. H. Johnson's, Church street, graded up and gravelled 100 rods of sidewalk. Built new 1 1-2 ft. sidewalk from High street to Sanford wharf. Twenty rods new sidewalk on Court street. All the sidewalks in the district kept in repair.

Amount Committed to Commissioner in Labor for 1872, $4784.89. Less 20 per cent. for cash 3527.92. Amount expended 2988.09. Balance unexpended, Mar. 19, 1873, 739.83. Also paid for and on hand 7,000 feet of good hemlock plank for sidewalk.

SEARSPORT.

This town is raising a girl whose growth is something remarkable. She is 13 years and 6 months old, weighs 220 pounds, 5 feet 6 inches high; measures around the breast, 42 inches; around the waist 42 inches; around the lower waist, 48 inches; around the arm above the elbow, 16 inches. She is in good health, and still growing.

ISLESBORO.

Lewis and Martin Gray, engaged in picking up lumber that had broken away from their mill at Brooksville, had a narrow escape from drowning on Friday night last. In attempting to reach a light which they saw in a house, Lewis broke through the ice and went entirely under water. His brother reached down and caught him by the hair, and hauled him out; in so doing he broke through himself, and both came very near being drowned. The night was extremely cold and they suffered severely.

The small pox has entirely disappeared from town. Mr. Thomas, the man that first brought it home, died with it. His wife and child had the disease, and got over it. His father and mother also had it.

The ice is all out of the different harbors, and the men and vessels are leaving for various ports.

Mysterious Death.

The discovery of a terrible tragedy in Brooklyn, N. Y., Friday morning, has created great excitement both from its mysterious character and from the prominent position of the victim and his friends. The records of crime can hardly show a more deliberately calculated and mercenary murder. It is in many of its circumstances a counterpart of the Nathan murder in New York nearly three years ago. Detectives have already obtained several clews which appear to be important, and have discovered evidence sufficient to disprove the theory of suicide, which the murderer had evidently taken great pains to convey. The scene of the tragedy is about a mile southwest of the city hall in a quarter of the city rapidly filling up with first-class residences and good citizens. Mr. W. W. Goodrich, a brother of the murdered man, who first discovered the crime, is a prominent lawyer of New York and has recently taken an active part in politics, having been the only Republican member of the assembly from Brooklyn, two years ago, and last fall a Greeley candidate for Congress. Charles Goodrich had been for five years a prosperous lumber merchant of New York, and was just completing in Brooklyn a block of six brown stone houses, in one of which he was found Friday morning murdered. He lived alone in the house, and when his brother called Thursday morning was not to be seen. This morning, finding the house still closed, Mr. W. W. Goodrich entered the house next adjoining and came down through the roof to the basement of his brother's house in the front room of which he found the dead body. A pistol ball had penetrated the left temple, and there were other marks of violence evidently made with a blunt weapon. Mr. Goodrich's seven-barreled revolver, with three of its chambers empty, lay near, but on the opposite side from that on which the pistol wound had been inflicted. The watch and pocketbook of the victim were missing, but his other effects were on his person.

This case has excited great interest in and around New York. Various theories have been started, one that the deceased had wronged a woman who threatened his death. But the police believe that it is a case of suicide.

McElhaney's Execution.

BOSTON, March 21. James McElhaney, who murdered his wife some six months since, expiated his crime on the scaffold at the Suffolk Jail in this city this forenoon. He was hung at twelve minutes past eleven, and in twenty minutes life was pronounced extinct. There were about 400 spectators present, and all preserved a respectful silence and decorum that was almost painful during the execution of the law. The condemned made no remarks upon the scaffold, but before leaving his cell he indulged in religious devotions in company with Rev. Mr. Upham, his spiritual adviser, and Father Cook, the chaplain of the jail. He took his last leave of his father and mother last night, and signed a will bequeathing all his property, about $6000, to his only child. He walked firmly to the scaffold and behaved with extraordinary fortitude.

The body of McElhaney was delivered to his parents this afternoon, who removed it to East Cambridge, where funeral services will be solemnized to-morrow at 2 o'clock, from Mr. Ray's church. It is stated on authority of McElhaney's spiritual advisers, that the members of his wife's family refused to allow him to see his little child named Nellie Emma, who is only two years old. A letter seconding an oft expressed wish on the part of the condemned man to see his child was sent by Sheriff Clark to the family, but without effect.

Shocking Outrage.

GEORGETOWN, Del., March 24. At 11 o'clock this morning, while the daughter of John Lank, a respectable gentleman residing near Rehoboth station 6 miles from here, was returning from the house of an uncle, she was accosted by a negro named Joe Breen, or Berton, who tore off her clothes and violated her person. After the assault the negro fled, and the girl who is only 15 years old, managed to reach her father's residence, where she made known the facts.

Burton, was surrounded in the woods and captured about two miles from the place where he committed the outrage. The capture was effected at noon and the prisoner, in the custody of officers, reached this place this evening, and was lodged in jail to await trial in April. He is a hardened criminal and makes light of his offence.

Female Suffrage.

The Woman's Journal says: "It is a noteworthy fact that most of the State Legislatures this year have had the subject of Woman Suffrage under consideration, and that in all of them there has been a nearer approach to triumph of those who favor that reform than on any previous occasion."

ALBANY, N. Y., Mar. 24. The Assemby instructed the Judiciary Committee to report an amendment to the Constitution allowing tax-paying female citizens to vote.

NEW ENTERPRISE. The Steam Mill property in Hampden, advertised in these columns by T. R. Wasgatt, Jr., has been disposed of. The upper portion is to be occupied by Mr. Wasgatt and Boston parties who will engage in the manufacture of type cases, racks, stands, cabinets, and printer's furniture. Eventually they will also manufacture wood type, and the popular "parquet floors." If we cannot have such a factory in Bangor, we are glad to have it so near us as Hampden. That the enterprise will prove a success we have no doubt. [Bangor Commercial.

Address of Mayor Marshall.

GENTLEMEN OF THE CITY COUNCIL: For the third time I come before you to take the oath of office, and address you upon matters pertaining to the city. I see in this convention nearly all my old associates in the city government for the past two years, and I congratulate myself upon having you to share with me the care and management of the affairs of the city for the coming year.

FINANCES.

The financial condition of the city has not changed materially during the past year. The situation to-day is substantially as it was a year ago. The railroad debt remains the same, and the interest thereon will be henceforward for each year the same in amount as last year, to be provided for by an annual tax. But it is expected that before long the city railroad stock will provide some income to help pay that tax. A decision in the railroad suits pending in the Supreme Court has not yet been rendered. It is hoped a decision will be given soon, and in favor of the railr ad. If such hope shall be realized, the financial condition will be much improved; dividends can be looked for from the preferred stock, and the railroad taxes thus materially lightened.

Municipal notes to the amount of $7,500.00 become due this year, for which you must provide means of payment. These notes were given by the city in 1869, to raise money to pay railroad coupons then falling due and unprovided for by tax. The burden, properly belonging to that year, is therefore partly borne by this.

The total amount expended the past year, for city purposes solely, was $29,230 53. The expenses for the coming year cannot probably be less. The taxes therefore for the present year will be about the same as those of last year. That our taxes are large there can be no question; but that they are larger than those of other cities of this State, or elsewhere, we cannot with truth affirm. And yet an impression prevails, to our discouragement it seems to me, that we are taxed more grievously than all other similar communities. Taxes in Belfast, prior to the last two years, have been comparatively light, and much less for the last quarter of a century than they were generally in other towns of similar size. Hence it is not surprising that the weight of the present burden seems great. But another cause, in my opinion, for this belief that we are taxed more than other cities, is the fact that the percentage of taxation is greater here than elsewhere. This, however, is owing to the low standard of our city valuation. Our valuation is lower than that of other cities, and, of course, the percentage of tax must be greater than theirs to realize the same amount of money. Our State valuation is about one-fourth more than our own. Would it be of any advantage to raise our valuation to that standard, or higher, and thus reduce the percentage? If to do so would shift the burdens of taxes—so that one class of property would be taxed more, and another less than now, I certainly, with the belief I have that the present distribution and apportionment is an equal one—could not advise such action. But, if the valuation could be raised pro-rata upon each tax payer, so that each person's tax would be the same as at present, I think it would be well to do so. I confess, however, that I am not well enough acquainted with the details of the tax books to form a satisfactory opinion as to its practicability.

Last year I recommended the trial of a new system of collecting taxes. I advised the allowance of a discount to all persons paying taxes before the 15th of August—that being the day when the coupons on the city bonds to the amount of $20,000 fall due on each year—and suggested as one reason that the Collector did not receive his tax books till July, and it was exceedingly difficult to collect the amount necessary in season for payment. The plan, however, was not tried. Objection was made that the allowance of a discount would favor the rich tax payer at the expense of the poor one. I certainly do not so understand it, or I should not advocate it. I think an inspection of the Collector's books will show that poor men pay their taxes as soon and as promptly as rich men, and that those who are dilatory in paying their taxes, are generally able to pay at any time, but delay payment merely to save interest upon the money. In short, I believe the present system encourages dilatoriness and neglect in paying taxes by holding out the inducement of saving interest upon the money for each day of delay. And hence the taxes are not collected within the year as they should be, but run along into the following years.

SCHOOLS.

Our schools are upon the whole in good condition. Perhaps it would be safe to say that they were never better. Yet some changes are necessary in order to render them as efficient as they should be. Some schools are crowded with pupils, and the teachers overburdened with numbers, while others are comparatively empty, and the teachers have not enough scholars to make their labors efficient. But I would particularly call your attention to the necessity of a free high school. The legislature of last winter passed an act in aid of free high schools, which provides that the state shall pay to every town that maintains such a school a sum equal to that appropriated by the town, not exceeding $500.00. The city should receive the benefit of this appropriation inasmuch as it will pay its proportionate share of the state tax. To do so, however, the city must make an appropriation for the support and maintainance of a free high school, to be expended by the persons required by the law. And I would recommend an appropriation for that purpose of $500.00. This sum with an equal amount received from the state, can be paid over to the central district, and the district use the same together with its own appropriations to maintain a free high school, which shall be open to eligible persons residing within the limits of the city.

The amount to be received for schools the present year from the state, through the bank tax, will be considerably larger than for the past year,—which was $2260.00. As the deposits of the Saving Banks increase the school fund is enlarged, but even now the aid derived from that source is very important.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The Fire Department has done good service the past year. Whenever an alarm has sounded by day or night the Engine Companies responded promptly and brought out their machines ready for action. At six fires, which occurred at night, they have worked hard for many hours, and saved, undoubtedly, a large amount of property. Complaint is made as to the power of one of the engines, but the engine is light and easily handled as occasion requires, gaining generally the honor of throwing "First Water." And it is frequently of more importance to put water upon a fire quickly then to throw it to a great distance or in heavy volume. But I submit the needs of the Department to your careful attention. Recent conflagrations have awakened greater interest in all matters pertaining to protection from fire than ever before, and we must see to it that there shall be no neglect on our part in providing reasonable security. And it seems to me there can be no doubt that the water supply for fire purposes is entirely inadequate for the wants of the city. Our reservoirs are not only small and few in number, but they are so constructed, generally, that there is little water in them during the heat and drouth of summer when there is the greatest danger of the spread of fires. They should be so built as to hold water at all times, and so placed as to be readily filled from the drainage of surface water, if no other means of filling them shall be provided. The attention of the late City Government was called last November to the project of introducing water for fire uses from the "Muck," so called, and a committee was appointed to examine into the feasibility of so doing. The early winter prevented any thorough examination. There seemed to be a great conflict of testimony as to the amount of water to be obtained at all seasons of the year from that source;—some persons, who ought to know the facts, asserting that the "Muck" was dry in summer and frozen solid in winter,—while others made statements directly to the contrary. I may say here that an examination lately made showed considerable depth of water beneath the ice which now covers the Muck; but is that the fact every winter? There can be no question, it seems to me, but that the city should put to use this natural reservoir if it can furnish the amount of water claimed for it; but that must be established first by satisfactory evidence.

There has been added lately to the Fire Department a Hook and Ladder Company. This is an efficient company, and will be an important addition to the working force and efficiency of the Fire Department.

HIGHWAYS.

The highways, bridges and sidewalks within the city limits need constant care and attention. The amount in cash and labor, expended upon them the last two years, has been considerably less than heretofore. They are, however, represented to be in good average condition. I think the system adopted of localizing the highway tax has worked well. But the great need is good and efficient highway surveyors. They should not only know *how* to build and repair roads, but they should be prompt and attentive to their duties. They are clothed with important powers and have great responsibilities. The city can receive great benefit or receive great loss according as they shall discharge their duties. I trust you will, in the selection of such surveyors, be influenced only by considerations of the public good, without bias from personal claim or prejudices.

It would seem as though experience, derived from so many years of experiments, should now be able to determine the correct methods of constructing and repairing highways; nevertheless there is no uniformity of method among surveyors generally, and complaint is continually made as to the way surveyors are doing their work. If it were possible to put surveyors under some competent practical man, and compel them to follow his directions and plans, I should be glad to see it done. When complaint is made to me in such cases I have no right or power to intervene, neither can I assume to have better knowledge or judgment than the surveyor specially elected for that work. If there was such supervision, I think a better system of drainage and sewerage would be adopted, to the great relief of our streets and highways.

POLICE.

There have been fewer breaches of the peace, or disturbances of the good order of the city during the past year than usual. The police have not been called upon to intervene very often to the extent of arrests, and consequent proceedings in the Police Court, but yet they have done a good deal of quiet work which has often put a stop to open lawless proceedings; and "Prevention is better than cure." But I wish more had been done. It is of great importance that the habits, formed through many years of indulgence, of frequenting corners of streets, crowding sidewalks, and indulging in scurrilous language and unseemly conduct, should be done away, stamped out; and the City Marshal should be incited and encouraged by the citizens generally to a persistent and constant endeavor to accomplish such a result.

That rum is almost always at the bottom of these disturbances is very evident. No complaint has been made the past year to the muncipal officers of a violation of the Prohibitory Law in selling intoxicating drinks, yet it is plainly apparent that the law is violated daily and hourly. Public opinion in this city is not up to the point of requiring an enforcement upon the part of the city, at the cost that would be involved, of the strict provisions of the law; but it must not be assumed on the part of those engaged in constant violation of the law that they can do so with entire impunity, if they shn l disregard all restraints, regulations, and all considerations of the good order and peace of the city.

SUNDRES.

The health of the city is as good as usual. The small pox threatened last winter to effect a lodgment in the city, but though brought here four times from abroad, and seven persons took the disease, yet all infection was prevented, and to-day there is not a case within the limits of the city. The Board of Health, in spite of some clamor and excitement—which was not surprising—accepted the responsibility and discharged their duties faithfully; and the disease was stayed. The expenses thereby occasioned were large, but they could not have been made less.

The suit against the city, for damages from defect of highway received in 1870, is still pending. A verdict for the plaintiff for $3500 00 was rendered last January, but a motion for a new trial has carried it up, and that will not be decided till next June.

The paupers of the city has been well cared for the past year. The contractor is prompt, so far as I have known, to attend to all applications for aid.

The Sexton reports the whole number of burials in the cemetery to be 62. The cemetery fund now amounts to $802.02. I would suggest an appropriation from that fund to build a suitable fence upon the street front, provided a certain amount shall be raised by private subscription.

In conclusion, gentlemen, I beg leave to say that those of us who have been elected for the third time to our respective offices should consider that as but an incentive to still more earnest endeavor, so that at the end we shall have the pleasing commendation—"Their last days were their best days."

W. C. MARSHALL.

The city school district meeting on Wednesday did nothing beyond discussing the high school matter in connection with the State gratuity. An adjournment was had to the 16th of March, to await the action of the city government.

A Woman Farmer.

The story of a young woman in Illinois is worth reading. The name of the damsel we know naught of, save that its initial letter is A.; of her locality we are simply informed that she lives and labors in Illinois. This maiden was a student in "a leading young ladies' seminary." Her father died, leaving a farm considerably mortgaged, and a widow whose health did not permit her to manage the estate profitably; whereupon our energetic young woman bid farewell to the leading seminary, and became practically bucolic. She had eighty acres to manage, half of it well broken in, and half of land rich, but liable to overflow. The barn had been recently burned, and all the fencing was in bad order. Such was the position when the young left the seminary and turned farmer. She had one horse; she borrowed another; and a friend helped her by the loan of implements. Thus provided, she has accomplished somewhat.

Wearing a gymnastic suit, with a broad-brimmed hat, gloves and boots made to order, she plowed; she directed the removal of the stumps of trees; she assisted in drilling the wheat; she even helped to fell trees, and is reported to use an axe beautifully. She has eight acres in grass and twelve in orchard; she raised twenty-three acres of winter wheat in 1872, and would have had from three to five acres more, but for the failure of a horrid inefficient man who failed to cut it in time. In all, she got 450 bushels of wheat, weighing sixty-two pounds to the bushel. Most of the home farm is cultivated in corn, though there are eight acres of grass and twelve of orchard. Our pretty Pomona in 1872 sold 100 barrels of apples, and recently had 150 barrels in the cellar. Poor young woman! All has not been bright with her. She has had her little sorrows, like the rest of womankind; she has been called to mourn over one horse drowned and another stolen; she has been bereaved of a colt, and her pigs were a failure.

But upon the whole, the Providence which presides over agriculture has smiled upon her. She is gradually paying off the mortgage bequeathed to her by her sire. She has forty acres of wheat sown for the coming year. She has taken excellent care of her widowed mother, of her fatherless little brother, and of a smaller sister. We wish that we knew her name. Against all our typographical rules, we should be tempted to print it in large capitals. It is aggravating to be forced to speak of her simply as Miss A. The letter, however, is a good letter, standing at the head of the alphabet, and it is suggestive of A No. 1. The tender interest which she has excited in our own heart is sufficiently indicated by the fact that we have before mentioned her, though all too briefly, as we were not then in full possession of all the pleasant facts. [N. Y. Tribune.

Pill s, Potions and Pungencies.

There was a heroic schoolma'am in Greene county, Iowa, who, when the boys put a skunk in her desk, went and fixed a clothes-pin on her nose, and kept school all day. Somehow the boys were not entirely satisfied with the success of their joke.

The huge, drastic, griping, sickening pills, constructed of crude, coarse and bulky ingredients, are fast being superceded by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, or Sugar-Coated, Concentrated Root and Herbal Juice, Anti-Bilious Granules—the "Little Giant" Cathartic or multum in parvo Physic. Modern Chemical Science enables Dr. Pierce to extract from the juices of the most valuable roots and herbs their active medicinal principles, which, when worked into little Pellets or Granules—scarcely larger than mustard seed, renders each little Pellet as active and powerful as a large pill, while they are much more palatable and pleasant in effect. 25 cents a vial, by Druggists. 6?2.

Upon the arrival of the train, an old lady affectionately greeted a stylish young lady as follows: "why, how'd 'do, Marisr! why how funny ye look! didn't hardly know ye; got your false teeth in, ain't ye?" Maria changed the subject.

It is never too late to use *Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar* as a Cough cure, but it is best to have recourse to it in the early stages of pulmonary disease, so as to secure immediate and permanent relief and avoid danger. Sold by all Druggists.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute.

The growing popularity of Duponco's Golden Pills speak volumes in their favor.

Centaur Liniment.

There is no pain which the Centaur Liniment will not relieve, no swelling it will not subdue, and no lameness which it will not cure. This is strong language, but it is true. Where the parts are not gone, its effects are marvelous. It has produced more cures of rheumatism neuralgia, lock-jaw, palsy, sprains, swellings, caked-breasts, scalds, burns, salt-rheum, earache, &c., upon the human frame, and of strains, spavin, galls, &c., upon animals in one year than have all other pretended remedies since the world began. It is a counter-irritant, an all-healing pain reliever. Cripples throw away their crutches, the lame walk, poisonous bites are rendered harmless and the wounded are healed without a scar. It is no humbug. The recipe is published around each bottle. It is selling as no article ever before sold, and it sells because it does just what it pretends to do. Those who now suffer from rheumatism, pain or swelling deserve to suffer if they will not use Centaur Liniment. More than 1000 certificates of remarkable cures, including frozen limbs, chronic rheumatism, gout, running tumors, &c., have been received. We will send a circular containing certificates, the recipe, &c., gratis, to any one requesting it. One bottle of the yellow wrapper Centaur Liniment is worth one hundred dollars for spavined or sweenied horses and mules, or for screw-worm in sheep. Stock-owners—this liniment is worth your attention. No family should be without Centaur Liniment.

J. B. ROSE & Co., New York.

CASTORIA is more than a substitute for Castor Oil. It is the only *safe* article in existence which is certain to assimilate the food, regulate the bowels, cure wind-colic and produce natural sleep. It contains neither minerals, morphine or alcohol, and is pleasant to take. Children need not cry and mothers may rest.

12 Samples by mail, 50 cts, retail quick for $10 R. L. WOLCOTT, 181 Chatham Sq., N. Y. 1yr26.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

WEDNESDAY, March 19, 1873.

At market this week—2481 Cattle; 669 Sheep and Lambs; 12700 Swine; Western Cattle 2309; Northern Cattle and Working Oxen and Milch Cows, 172; Eastern Cattle, —.

Prices of Beef Cattle per hundred lbs. live weight Extra quality, $7 75a$8 00; First quality, $7 25a7 50; Second quality, $6 50a$7 00; Third quality, $4 75a6 75 Poorest grade of coarse Oxen, Bulls, &c, $3 50a4 50.

By the pound, dressed weight, from 5a11c per lb. Hides—Hides 9 1-2c; Tallow 6a6 1-2c per lb; Country Tallow 5a5 1-2c; Country Hides 9c per lb; Calf Skins 16a20c per lb; Sheep Skins $1 75a2 50.

Working Oxen—We quote sales of 1 pr, gth 7 ft $207; 1 pr, 6 ft 10 in $170; 1 pr, 6 ft 8 in $190; 1 pr 6 ft 6 in $150; 1 pr 6 ft 6 in, $140.

Milch Cows—Prices, extra $55a90; ordinary $25a50; Store Cows from $20a50 per head.

Sheep and Lambs—Western Sheep cost from 6 1-2a8c per lb, delivered.

Swine—Store Pigs—200 lb market; wholesale 6c; retail 6a8c per lb. Fat hogs—12a10 at market; prices, 6a6 1-4c per lb.

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

MONDAY, March 25, 1872.

BUTTER—We quote fine fall New York and Vermont butter at 40a42c per lb; prime dairies at 34a38c; Canada at 36a38c; medium 28a32c; common 18a25c; bakers' at 12a15c.

CHEESE—We quote Vermont and New York at 17c per lb; Ohio do at 16 1-2c; medium factory at 15a16c; fine dairies at 15a16 1-2c; common cheese at 12a13c.

EGGS—The market to-day is hardly so firm, and sales have been made at 25a25 1-2c, and Southern and Western sell readily at 24c.1

BEANS—We quote choice mediums $2 50a2 60; choice pea beans at $3 25a3 37; and good do at $3.00 per bush.

DRIED APPLES—We quote at 7 1-2a 8 1-2c per lb for Eastern sliced; 5 1-2a 7 1-2c for Eastern quarters; 7a8 1-2c for New York sliced, and 6 1-2a7c for quarters; fancy Southern sliced sell at 7 1-2a8 1-2c, and common Southern apple at 5a6-12c per lb.

POULTRY—Sales are made at 15a17c per lb for choice lots of Western Turkeys, Chickens at 10a13c.

VEGETABLES—Potatoes at 88a90c; Jackson Whites 80a85c per bush.

GRASS SEEDS—$3 50a3 80 per bush for Herds Grass; $3 50a3 75 per sack for Red Top; 8 3-4a9 1-4c for Western Clover Seed, and 9 1-2a10c per lb for Northern Clover.

APPLES—The market is dull at $2 26a$2 75 for Northern and $3 25 per bbl for Western fruit.

HAY—We quote prime hay at $26a28; common $21a22; Straw $20a22 per ton.

BELFAST PRICE CURRENT.

Corrected Weekly for the Journal.

BELFAST, Wednesday, March 26, 1873.

Flour,	$9 50 to 13 50	Round Hog,	7 to 8
Corn Meal,	82 to 00	Clear S't Pork,	$16 to 18
Rye Meal,	1.10 to 1.15	Mutton per lb.,	6 to 0
Rye,	90 to 1.00	Lamb per lb.,	00 to 08
Corn,	80 to 82	Turkey per lb.,	25 to 30
Barley,	55 to 60	Chicken per lb.,	17 to 20
Beans,	2.50 to 3.00	Duck per lb.,	18 to 20
Marrowfat Peas,	90 to 1.00	Geese per lb.,	15 to 0
Oats,	50 to 55	Hay per ton,	$15 to 0
Potatoes,	75to 70	Lime,	$1.15 to 0.0
Dried Apples,	6 to 8	Washed Wool,	50 to 0
Cooking, do,	50 to 00	Unwashed "	38 to 0
Butter,	25 to 30	Pulled "	50 to 0
Cheese,	18 to 20	Hides,	8 1-2 to 0
Eggs,	18 to 20	Calf Skins,	16 1-2 to 18
Lard,	12 to 14	Sheep Skins,	75 to 1.50
Beef,	7 to 10	Wood, hard,	$60.0 to 8.0
Baldwin Ap'ls,	65 to 75	Wood, soft,	$.400 to 0.0
Veal,	7 to 8	Dry Pollock,	5 to 0
Dry Cod,	7 to 8	Straw,	$8 to 0

SPECIAL NOTICES.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP,
SCHENCK'S SEAWEED TONIC,
SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS,

Are the only medicines that will cure Pulmonary Consumption.

Sometimes medicines that will stop a cough will often occasion the death of the patient. It locks up the liver, stops the circulation of the blood, hemorrhage follows, and, in fact, clogging the action of the very organs that caused the cough.

Liver complaint and dyspepsia are the causes of two-thirds of the cases of consumption. Many are now complaining with dull pain in the side, the bowels sometimes costive and sometimes too loose, tongue coated, pain in the shoulder-blade, feeling sometimes very restless, and at other times drowsy; the food that is taken lies heavily on the stomach, accompanied with acidity and belching of wind. These symptoms usually originate from a disordered condition of the stomach or a torpid liver. Persons so affected, if they take one or two heavy colds, and if the cough in these cases be suddenly stopped, the lungs, liver and stomach clog, and remain torpid and inactive, and before the patient is aware of his situation, the lungs are a mass of sores, and ulcerated, and death is the inevitable result.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup is an expectorant which does not contain a opium, nor anything calculated to check a cough suddenly.

Schenck's Seaweed tonic dissolves the food, mixes with the gastric juice of the stomach, digests easily, nourishes the system, and creates a healthy circulation of the blood. When the bowels are costive, skin sallow and the patient is of a bilious habit, Schenck's Mandrake Pills are required.

These medicines are prepared by Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, Northeast corner of Sixth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, Penn., and for sale by GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., 38 Hanover street, Boston, and JOHN F. HENRY, 8 College place, New York, Wholesale Agents.

For sale by Druggists generally.—1y3sp

BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE.

This splendid Hair Dye is the *best in the world*. The only True and Perfect Dye. Harmless, Reliable and Instantaneous; no disappointment; no ridiculous tints or unpleasant odor. Remedies the ill effects of bad dyes and washes. Produces IMMEDIATELY a superb BLACK OR NATURAL BROWN, and leaves the hair CLEAN, SOFT AND BEAUTIFUL. The genuine signed W. A. Batchelor. Sold by all Druggists.

1y19sp CHAS. BATCHELOR *Prop.*, N. Y.

MARRIED.

In Prospect, March 15th, by Rev Geo. D. Garland, Mr. Edward F. Avery of P., and Miss Mary F. Kelloch of South Montville.

In Lincolnville, March 20, by J. D. Tucker, Esq., Col. B. F. Tucker of Belfast, and Isadora W. Drinkwater of Lincolnville.

In Searsport, by Rev. L. L. Hanscom, Mr. Henry Moulton and Miss Mary Thompson, both Stockton.

In Searsport, March 13th, Mr. Richard M. Wells of Clinton, and Miss Leola J. Nichols of Searsport.

In Goulsboro, March 9th, Mr. Silas R. Cushman of Cherryfield, and Miss Lizzie D. Smith of Steuben.

In Eden, March 5th, Edward W. Allen and Miss Izora F. Wheaton, both of E.

In Rockland, March 15th, Mr. Lyman Leadbetter of Vinalhaven, and Mrs. Lizzie H. Grant of R.

In Warren, March 15th, Mr. Webster Spear and Miss Frances S. Andrews, both of Warren.

In Vinalhaven, March 15th, Mr. Leroy Calderwood and Abbie L. Ames, both of V.

DIED.

(Obituary notices, beyond the Date, Name and Age must be paid for.)

In this city, March 21st, Elizabeth, wife of James Durham, aged 78 years and 3 months.

In this city, March 17th, of consumption, Miss Zillica Warren, aged 27 years and 7 months.

In East Bridgewater, Mass., Mrs. Harriet L., Widow of James H. Mitchell, and daughter of the late John Angier, of Belfast.

In Searsport, 21st, Mr. Jacob Gary, aged 58 years.

In Montville, March 4th, Fred Wesley Knowlton, only child of Mrs. Lizzie Knowlton, aged 9 years and 3 months.

In Blachill, Feb. 6th, Mr. Isaac T. Saunders, aged 63 years and 3 months.

In Eden, March 18th, Mr. Warren Salisbury, aged 40 years.

In Orland, March 18th, Mrs. Lavinia Floyd, aged 62 years and 8 months.

In Warren, March 12th, Mrs. Silvia I Gilmore, aged 38 years, 7 months and 14 days.

In Waldoboro, March 11th, Alfe H. Harmer, aged 2 months and 16 days. March 11th, Mrs. Jane Siders, aged 61 years and 6 months. March 17th, Capt. John Seidlitz, husband of the above, aged 66 years and 5 months.

In Waldoboro, March 7th, Miss Ida I. Burke, aged 14 years and 10 months.

In Islesboro, March 21, of cancer, Mrs. Esther Hatch, wife of Capt. Lewis Hatch, of Lincolnville, aged 62.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF BELFAST.

ARRIVED.

March 20. Schs Senator, Condon, Carver's Harbor; Witchcraft, Barter, Isle au Haut; Success' Hanna, Tremont; Orono, Powers, Deer Isle; Jennie B Russ, Forbes, do; J B Stinson, Stinson, do; Martha A Brewer, Turner, Isle au Haut; Wm G Eadie, Ryder, Spruce Head; Lizzie Williams, Cooper, Camden.

23, Cameo, Cunningham, Boston; Fannie & Edith, Bartlett, New Castle; Corn for Bitefoot & Gorham; Jack Downing, Patterson, Rockland; E A Elliot, Sprowl, Boston; Ringleader, Smith, do; P M Bonnie, Burgess, Carver's Harbor; Brig H H McGilvery, Stubbs, Boston; Sch G M Partridge, Bunker Baltimore, Corn for W C Marshall.

SAILED.

March 19, Schs Banner, Mathews, Boston; Mary Limeburner, French, Georgetown; Jack Downing, Patterson, Rockland; Neptune, Gillis, do.

23, D K Arey, Ryan, Boston; J P Merriam, Clark, do; M W Drew, Perkins, Jacksonville; Annie Tibbith, Curtis, Fortress Monroe.

26, G M Partridge, Bunker, Rockland; Nathan Clifford, Coombs, New York.

27 E A Elliot, Sprowl, Boston; H H McGilvery, Stubbs, Savannah.

Brig J H Lane, of Searsport, Shute, at Boston 20th from Messina, reports having met with heavy westerly gales from Feb 16th to March 19th. On March 3d in the gale, Leonard Bergdahl, seaman, of Gottenburg, fell from aloft and was lost, and on the 4th, a huge sea broke aboard, staving in rails and cabin windows and washing overboard Daniel Hackett, of Worcester, Mass., who was lost.

Sch Abquizar, 185 tons, built at Tenant's Harbor in 1852, has been purchased in part on account in St George by P McConville, of Bangor, Me., on private terms.

Messrs Treat, Lang & Co, Bath, Me, have sold the sch Robert Woodruff, 44 20-100 tons, to Capt. Frederick Lewis, of Wiscasset, for $2500.

Brig N Stowers, of Stockton, Savage, at New York from Guayaquilla, had strong N and NW winds, lost and split sails, shipped heavy seas, stove skylight and filled cabin full of water.

Belfast Manufacturing Comp'y.

The members of the Belfast Manufacturing Company are hereby notified that the annual meeting of said Company will be held at the office of the Clerk of Courts, in Belfast, on Monday, the seventh day of April, next, at ten of the clock, in the forenoon, to act upon the following matters, to wit—

1st. To receive and act upon the Reports of the President, Directors and Treasurer of the Company.

2nd. To choose a Board of Directors, a Treasurer and a Secretary for the current year.

3d. To see what action, if any, the Company will take relative to its surplus Real Estate and the sale or lease of the same.

4th. To transact any other business authorized by the By-Laws of the Company.

E. K. BOYLE, Secretary.

Belfast, March 25th, 1873.

Assessor's Notice.

THE Subscribers, Assessors of the City of Belfast, hereby give notice to the inhabitants of said city to make and bring in to them, true and perfect lists of their polls and estates, real and personal, in writing, including money on hand and at interest and debts due more than owing, and all property held in trust as guardian, executor, administrator or otherwise, except such as is by law exempt from taxation, which they are possessed of on the first day of April, next, and be prepared to substantiate the same according to law, and for the purpose of receiving said lists and making transfers of real estate, the undersigned will be in session at their office, over the store of Oakes Angier, during the business hours of each day, from the first to the fifteenth inclusive of April next, Sunday excepted, and any personal examination of property by the assessors will not be considered as waiver for neglect of any person in bringing in true and perfect lists, as required by law.

Highway Surveyors of the several districts are requested to bring in their several tax books of 1872 by the tenth day of April, 1873.

Agents of the several school districts are requested to make returns in writing to the Assessors of the number of scholars belonging to each family in their school districts, their names and ages together with the names of the heads of the families as soon as may be after the first day of April.

OAKES ANGIER,
GEORGE WOODS, } Assessors of Belfast.
N. M. MATHEWS,

March 25th, 1873.

Leeds, Robinson & Co.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Wareham Nail Co.'s Cut Nails.
Robinson Iron Co.'s Cut Nails.
AGENTS FOR
Anderson & Woods Cast Steel.
Old Colony Iron Co.'s Shovels.
DEALERS IN
SCRAP IRON.
75 NORTH ST., cor. of JOHN, BOSTON.
6m38

A GREAT
EXHIBITION!
BLACK'S
STEREOPTICON
Will exhibit at Hayford Hall on WEDNESDAY EVENING, April 2. Splendid views of Scenery in all parts of the World.
Men, Animals, Cities, Public Buildings, Statuary, &c., &c.
During the evening there will be shown FIFTEEN OR TWENTY
Portraits of Well Known Citizens of Belfast.
All combining the most attractive exhibition ever seen in this city. This will close the Lyceum course for the season.—1w

City of Belfast, Treasurer's Office, March 3, 1873.

To the City Council of Belfast:

Gentlemen:—I herewith submit my annual exhibit as Treasurer, showing the amount of money received by me, and expended for municipal and all other purposes, for the year ending this day.

DANIEL HARADEN, City Treasurer.

City of Belfast in Account with Daniel Haraden, City Treasurer.

Mar. 3, 1873. Balance in Treasury March 4, 1872,		$1,054 80
Received of E. Bickford on taxes of 1869-70,		$1,833 00
Received of Chas. Moore, taxes 1871,		21,600 00
Received of D.L. Pitcher, taxes 1872,		43,400 00
Received of same, taxes 1868, in full,		933 48
Received of A. D. Bean, City Liquor Agent,		1,325 00
Received of John Poor, Sup't Cemetery,		35 00
Received of City Clerk, for Licenses,		155 00
Received of State of Maine for Pensions,		276 00
Received of same for Schools, 1870-71,		283 37
Received of M. P. Woodcock, Agent Central District,		68 05
Received of Treasurer of P. & M. H. L. R. R. Int. part,		2,060 00
Received for Sale of Maine State Bonds,		4,427 50
Received for sale of Hearse House,		25 00
Total Receipts,		$77,476 20
Paid Mayor's Orders, viz:		
On Contingent Fund,	2,835 63	
On Highway Fund,	7,006 74	
On School Fund,	7,279 55	
On Pauper Fund,	1,739 00	
On Fire Department Fund,	1,369 61	
On Liquor Fund,	1,245 30	$21,475 83
Paid Pensions State of Maine,	276 00	
" Interest on War Loan	1,752 00	
" Interest on Loan Notes,	1,689 06	3,717 06
Paid August Coupons on R. R. Bonds,	20,655 00	
Paid Municipal Loan Note, Bangor,	2,500 00	
Paid War Loan Note to R. C.

Under the Snow.

BY REV. T. HEMPSTEAD.

It is pleasant to think, just under the snow
That stretches so bleak and blank and cold,
Are beauty and warmth that we cannot know,
Green fields and leaves, and blossoms of gold.

Yes, under this frozen and dumb expanse,
Unglad dened by bee or bird or flower,
A world where the leaping fountains glance,
And the buds expand, is waiting its hour.

It is hidden now: not a glimmer breaks
Through the hard blue ice and the sparkling drift;
The world shrinks back from the downy flakes
Which out of the folds of the night-cloud sift.

But as fair and real a world it is
As any that rolls in the upper blue;
If you wait you will hear its melodies,
And see the sparkle of fount and dew.

And often now, when the skies are wild,
And hoarse and sullen the night winds blow,
And the lanes and hollows with drifts are piled,
I think of the violets under the snow.

I look in the wild flower's tremulous eye,
I hear the chirp of the ground bird brown,
A breath from the budding grove steals by,
And the swallows are dipping above the town.

So there, from the outer sense concealed
It lies, shut in by a veil of snow;
But there, to the inward eye revealed,
Are boughs that blossom, and flowers that glow.

The lily shines on its bending stem;
The crocus opens its April gold,
And the rose unfosses its diadem
Against the floor of the winter's cold.

And that other world, to my soul I say,
That veiled and mystic world of the dead,
Is no further away on any day
Than the lilies just under the snow that we tread.

Waiting.

Angels are calling her, let her depart,
Rest now the weary form, calm claims the heart;
All the bright hopes that have glittered in vain,
Gleaming but faintly through sadness and pain,
Shall change into bliss, by the magic divine
Which erst turned the pale shining water to wine.

Angels are calling her, hold her not here,
Shadows surround her o: sorrow and fear,
Out of the darkness to marvelous light
They'll bear her fair spirit, all trembling and white.
And her robes like a sunlighted city shall glow
In the glory which banishes terror and woe.

Angels are calling her, bid her not stay,
Her little feet fall on life's toilsome highway;
Green are the pastures with flowers bestrown,
Beside the still waters which flow from the throne;
There let our weary lamb rest on the sod,
And quaff the bright waves of the river of God.

Angels are calling, let her go home,
Voices she loved to hear whisper, "Come come!"
Soon shall the dove-guided chariot wait,
Soon shall stand open the rainbow-spanned gate,
And she sound the welcome song, never to cease,
For its music is love and its echoes are peace.

A Young Hero.

"Aye, aye, sir; they're smart seamen enough, no doubt, them Dalmatians, and reason good, too, seein' they man half the Austrian navy; but they ain't got the seasonin' of an Englishman, put it how yer will!"

I am standing on the upper deck of the Austrian Lloyd steamer, looking my last upon pyramidal Jaffa, as it rises up in terrace after terrace of stern gray masonry against the lustrous evening sky, with the foam-tipped breakers at its feet. Beside me, with his elbow on the handrail, and his short pipe between his teeth, lounges the stalwart chief-engineer, as thorough an Englishman as if he had not spent two-thirds of his life abroad, and delighted to get hold of a listener who (as he phrases it) "has been about a bit."

"No; they ain't got an Englishman's seasonin'," he continues, pursuing his criticism of the Dalmatian seamen; "and what's more, they ain't got an Englishman's pluck neither, not when it comes to a real scrape."

"Can no one but an Englishman have any pluck, then?" ask I, laughing.

"Well, I won't just go for to say that; o' course a man as is a man 'ull have pluck in him the world over. I've seed a Frencher tackle a shark to save his messmate; and I've seed a Rooshan stand to his gun arter every man in the battery, barrin' himself, had been blowed all to smash. But, if yer come to that, the pluckiest feller as ever I seed warn't a man at all!"

"What was he, then? a woman?"

"No, nor that neither; though, mark ye, I don't go for to say as how women ain't got pluck enough, too—some on 'em, at least. My old 'ooman, now, saved me once from a 'lubber of a Portugee as was just a-goin to stick a knife into me, when she cracked his mut with a handspike. (You can hear her spin the yarn yourself, if you likes to pay us a visit when we get to Constantinople.) But this 'un as I'm a talkin' on was a little lad not much bigger 'n Tom Thumb, only with a sperrit of his own as 'ud ha' blowed up a man-o-war a'mott. Would ye like to hear about it?"

I eagerly assent; and the narrator, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, folds his brawny arms upon the top of the rail, and commences as follows:

'Bout three years ago, afore I got this berth as I'm in now, I was second engineer aboard a Liverpool steamer bound for New York. There'd been a lot of extra cargo sent down just at the last minute, we'd no end of a job stowin' it away, and that ran us late o' startin'; so that, altogether, as you may think, the cap'n warn't altogether in the sweetest temper in the world, nor the mate neither; as for the chief-engineer, he was an easy-goin' sort o' chap, as nothin' on earth could put out. But on the mornin' of the third day out from Liverpool, he cum down to me in a precious hurry lookin' as if somethin' had put him out pretty considerably.

"Tom," says he, "what d'ye think? Blest if we ain't found a stowaway." (That's the name, you know, sir, as we gives to chaps as hides theirselves aboard outward-bound vessels, and gets carried out unbeknown to everybody.)

"The dickens you have!" says I. "Who is he, and where did yer find him?"

"Well, we found him stowed away among the casks for'ard; and ten to one we'd never ha' twigged him at all, if the skipper's dog hadn't sniffed him out and begun barkin'. Such a little mite as he is too! I could a'most put him in my baccey-pouch, poor little beggar! but he looks to be a good pluck 'un for all that."

I didn't wait to hear no more, but up on deck like a sky-rocket; and there I did see a sight, and no mistake. Every man-Jack o' the crew, and what few passengers we had aboard, was all in a ring on the fo'c'stle, and in the middle stood the fust-mate, lookin' as black as thunder. Right in front of him, lookin' a re'lar mite among all them big fellers, was a little bit o' a lad not ten year old—ragged as a scare-crow, but with bright, curly hair, and a bonnie little face o' his own, it it hadn't been so woful thin and pale. But, bless yer soul! to see the way that little chap held his head up, and looked about him, you'd ha' thought the whole ship belonged to him. The mate was a great, hulkin' black-bearded feller, with a look that 'ud ha' frightened a horse, and a voice fit to make one jump through a key-hole; but the young 'un warn't a bit afeared—he stood straight up, and looked him full in the face with them bright, clear eyes o' his'n, for all the world as if he was Prince Halfred himself. Folk did say arterwards (lowering his voice to a whisper) as how he comed o' better blood nor what he ought; and, for my part, I'm raather o' that way o' thinkin' myself; for I never yet seed a common street Harab, (as they calls 'em now) carry it off like him. You might ha' heerd a pin drop, as the mate spoke.

"Well, you young whelp," says he in his grimmest voice, "what's brought you here?"

"It was my step-father as done it," says the boy in a weak little voice, but as steady as could be. "Father's dead, and mother's married again, and my new father says as how he won't have no brats about eatin' up his wages; and he stowed me away when nobody warn't lookin', and guv me some grub to keep me goin' for a day or two till I got to sea. He says I'm to go to Aunt Jane at Halifax; and here's her address."

And with that, he slips his hands into the breast of his shirt, and out with a scrap o' paper, awful dirty and crumpled up, but the address on it, right enough.

We all believed every word on't, even without the paper; for his look, and his voice, and the way he spoke, was enough to show that there wan't a ha'porth o' lyin' in his whole skin. But the mate didn't seem to swaller the yarn at all; he only shrugged his shoulders with a kind o' grin, as much as to say, "I'm too old a bird to be caught with that kind o' chaff;" and then he says to him. "Look here, my lad; that's all very fine, but it won't do here—some of these men o' mine are in the secret, and I mean to have it out of 'em. Now, you just point out the man as stowed you away and fed you, this very minute; if you don't, it'll be the worse for you!"

The boy looked up in his bright, fearless way (it did my heart good to look at him, the brave little chap!), and says quite quietly, "I've told you the truth; I ain't got no more to say."

The mate says nothin', but looks at him for a minute as if he'd see clean through him; and then he faced round to the men, lookin' blacker than ever. "Reeve a rope to the yard!" he sings out, loud enough to raise the dead; "smart now!"

The men all looked at each other, as much as to say, "What qu earth's a-comin' now?" But aboard ship, o' course, when you're told to do a thing, you've got to do it; so the rope was rove in a jiffy.

"Now, my lad," says the mate, in a hard, square kind o' voice, that made every word seem like fittin' a stone into a wall, "you see that 'ere rope? Well, I'll give you ten minutes to confess" (he took out his watch and held it in his hand); "and if you don't tell the truth afore the time's up, I'll hang you like a dog!"

The crew all stared at one another as if they couldn't believe their ears (I didn't believe mine, I can telt ye), and then a low growl went among 'em, like a wild beast awakin' out of a nap.

"Silence there!" shouts the mate, in a voice like the roar of a nor'easter. "Stand by to run for'ard!" and with his own hands he puts the rope around the boy's neck. The little feller never flinched a bit; but there were some among the sailors (big strong chaps as could ha' felled a ox) as shook like leaves in the wind. As for me, I bethought myself o' my little curly-haired lad at home, and how it 'ud be if any one was to go for to hang him; and at the very thought on't I tingled all over, and my fingers clinched theirselves as if they was a-grippin' somebody's throat. I clutched hold o' a handspike, and held it behind my back, all ready.

"Tom," whispers the chief-engineer to me, "d'ye think he really means to do it?"

"I don't know," says I through my teeth; "but if he does, he shall go first, if I swings for it!"

I've been in many an ugly scrape in my time; but I never felt 'art as bad as I did then. Every minute seemed as long as a dozen; and the tick o' the mate's watch reg'lar pricked my ears like a pin. The men were very quiet, but there was a precious ugly look on some o' their faces; and I noticed that three or four on 'em kep' edgin' for'ard to where the mate was standin', in a way that meant mischief. As for me, I'd made up my mind that if he did go for to hang the poor little chap, I'd kill him on the spot and take my chance.

"Eight minutes!" says the mate, his great deep voice breakin' in upon the silence like the toll o' a funeral bell. "If you've got anything to confess, my lad, you'd best out with it, for yer time's nearly up."

"I've told you the truth," answers the boy, very pale, but as firm as ever. "May I say my prayers, please?"

The mate nodded; and down goes the poor little chap on his knees (with that infernal rope about his neck all the time), and puts up his poor little hands to pray. I couldn't make out what he said (fact my head was in such a whirl that I'd hardly ha' knowed my own name), but I'll be bound God heard it, every word. Then he ups on his feet again, and puts his hands behind him, and says to the mate, quite quietly, "I'm ready!"

And then, sir, the mate's hard grim face broke up all to once, like I've seed the ice in the Baltic. He snatched up the boy in his arms, and kissed him, and bust out a-cryin' like a child; and I think there warn't one of us as didn't do the same. I know I did, for one.

"God bless you, my boy!" says he, smothin' the child's hair with his great hard hand. "You're a true Englishman every inch of you; you wouldn't tell a lie to save your life! Well, if so be as yer father's cast ye off, I'll be yer father from this day forth; and it I ever forget you, then may God forget me!"

And he kep' his word, too. When we got to Halifax, he found out the little un's aunt, and giv' her a lump o' money to make him comfortable; and now he goes to see the youngster every voyage, as reg'lar as can be; and to see the pair on 'em together—the little chap so fond o' him, and not bearin' him a bit o' grudge—it's 'bout as pretty a sight as ever I seed. And now, sir, axin' yer parding, it's time for me to be goin' below; so I'll just wish yer good night.

Too Much Circus.

The other day the boys and other idlers were enjoying a show on a North river pier, in New York, free of cost. They had fortunately caught a menagerie just at the time when the owner could not sell tickets for his show, and a great audience soon assembled to glout their eyes upon wild beasts. They were being unloaded from a ship that had brought them from their deserts and jungles, and were not in a particular good humor. There were four huge Asiatic elephants, a Sumatran rhinoceros, a horned-horse, three Bengal tigers and other beastial strangers, large and small. One large, fierce Bengal tiger seemed particularly dissatisfied with the country and evinced a longing desire to chew it up. The elephants had walked off the ship, carrying their trunks with great resignation. They meekly submitted to their chains, and were surrounded by thousands of the people of this new country. All had come off the ship except the discontented brute from Bengal of which the sailors were afraid. Presently he came following halt a dozen terrified tars, and no cage about him. He was free and the show was free. The elephants realized the terrible situation as soon as anybody else, for they had a tolerably correct knowledge of the tiger's unpleasant habits. They broke their chains as if they had been tow strings and ran at full speed holding their trunks and other valuables aloft. The dead-heads had seen enough, and all commenced a foot-race with the elephants, and horses joined in the general stampede. The situation demanded coolness in somebody. It was found in a policeman. The tiger took a fancy to French steaks, sprang on the back of a dray horse and commenced his dinner. While he was busy at it the bold policeman advanced upon him and plugged him in the right place with a little pistol ball. Morgan, Reed & Co., lost a horse, and Mr. A. Forepaugh a Bengal tiger. There was a novel hunt in New York and the cowardly elephants were caught. [Correspondent St. Louis Republican.

Grace Greenwood writes from Washington to the New York Times: "I am told there used to be employed in the Coast Survey, opposite us, an odd little monster, without arms, who yet performed the duties of a messenger, going back and forth, with a letter bag fastened about his neck. This armless Quilp, strangely enough, had a wife, good, as wives go, but occasionally giving him some trouble, and requiring some discipline. It seems Providence never leaves a poor unfortunate without resource, and this man managed to keep his better two-thirds in proper subjection by adopting the favorite African mode of attack and defence, known as butting. Persistent and pitiless, he used to drive her about the house up stairs and down, with his prone, avenging caput, until his sovereign wrath was appeased. His neck grew thick and strong with exercise; there was no hair on the top of his head. Sometimes he would get the poor little woman behind the door, and jam it against her until she was subdued and ready to cry *jam satis*.

In the New Jersey Legislature, when a very important railroad bill comes up, if a Senator takes $20,000 for his vote he is called a knave; if he don't take it, he is called a fool. The most of them hate to be called fools awfully.

New Advertisements.

CHAPPED HANDS AND FACE.

Sore Lips, Dryness of the Skin, &c., &c.

Cured at once by HEGEMAN'S CAMPHOR ICE WITH GLYCERINE. It keeps the hands soft in all weather. See that you get HEGEMAN'S. Sold by all Druggists. Only 25 cents. Manufactured only by HEGEMAN & Co., Chemists and Druggists, New York.

SEE in another place advertisement about **Iowa and Nebraska Lands.**

SAWS [Established 1830.] WELCH & GRIFFITHS, Manufacturers of Saws. SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS. EVERY SAW WARRANTED. FILES, BELTING & MACHINERY. LIBERAL DISCOUNTS. Price Lists and Circulars free. WELCH & GRIFFITHS, Boston, Mass., & Detroit, Mich.

MARYLAND FRUIT FARMS

$10 to $25 per acre. Fine Fruit and Garden Soil, Mild, healthy climate. Oysters and Fish abundant. Catalogues free. H. P. CHAMBERS, Federalsburg, Md.

WM. PARRY, POMONA Nursery, Cinnaminson, N. J. 100 acres in berries. The Monarch of the West is the largest and best. Peach Trees, Asparagus and Rhubarb, Raspberries and Blackberries. Send for catalogue.

Vick's LORAL GUIDE FOR 1873!

The GUIDE is published QUARTERLY. 25 cents pays for the year, which is not half the cost. Those who afterwards send money to the amount of One Dollar or more for Seed may also order 25 cents worth extra—the price paid for the GUIDE. The First Number is beautiful, giving plans for making Rural Homes, Dining Table Decorations, Window Gardens, &c., and a mass of information invaluable to the lover of flowers.—130 pages, on fine tinted paper, some 500 Engravings and a superb Colored Plate and Chromo Cover.—The First Edition of 200,000 just printed in English and German.

JAMES VICK, Rochester, New York.

ONLY 10 CENTS

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PAINTER; Or, Paints—How to Select and Use Them. A plain treatise, containing sample card with 42 different actually painted shades and tints, with instructions for exterior and interior House Decoration. 25 copies, bound in cloth, for $5. Sample copies, paper cover, mailed, post paid, to any address, on receipt of 10 cents, by the Publisher.

HENRY CAREY BAIRD, Box 1624, Post-Office, Philadelphia.

See the following valuable extracts from press notices:

"A very valuable book, and no one intending to paint should fail to read it. [N. Y. Tribune.

"We did not know so much could be said on the subject of painting a house until we read this excellent book of Mr. Baird's." [N. Y. Herald.

"A want long felt at last supplied." [Scientific Am.

"Not only a necessity to the painter, but valuable to every occupant of a dwelling. [N. Y. World.

"Buy 25 copies of this book and distribute them among your friends. If they will heed the advice therein, you could make no more valuable present." [Chicago Trib.

"In publishing this book Mr. Baird has done a real service to the community. [Toledo Blade.

"We hope the publisher will sell 100,000 copies of this book during '73. [Boston Advertiser.

"We have just painted our house as advised by the author, and congratulate ourselves that no dwelling in our neighborhood excels ours in appearance. [Harper's Weekly.

"In selling a sample copy for 10 cents, Mr. Baird must feel certain an order for 25 bound in cloth will follow." [Frank Leslie.

"We know the town and country paints therein recommended, and can vouch for their value and the excellence of the "Harrison" brand of white lead." [Phila. Ledger.

ONLY 10 CENTS

RARE AMERICAN BOOKS.—$5 for R. R. Thomas' Almanac 1793; $2 for American Almanac, 1795; $3 for 1734. Rare Old American Books wanted, viz.: Richard, Increase, Samuel, Eleazer or Cotton Mather's Works; Penhallow's Indian Wars, 1726; Johnson's History of N. England, London, 1654; Genuine Poor Richard's Almanac (Dr. Franklin's), or any scarce American Book, Pamphlet, Coin, Indian Arrow Heads, Relics, Curiosities, Narratives or Almanac, in good condition. Also, good old, tall, 8-day brass clock. State price of each. JAS. T. MOULTON, 4 Carnes St., Lynn, Mass.

MILLIONS OF ACRES IOWA AND NEBRASKA LANDS FOR SALE BY THE Burlington & Mo. River R. R. Co. On 10 Years' Credit at 6 Per Ct. Interest. Products will pay for the land and improvements much within the limit of this generous credit. Better terms are not offered, and probably never will be. Circulars, giving full particulars, gratis. Call for all that are wanted to read and circulate. Come West and thrive; friends will follow. A Sectional Map, showing the exact location of Iowa Lands is sold at 20 cents, and of Nebraska Lands at same price. For circulars and Maps, apply to GEO. S. HARRIS, Land Commissioner, Burlington, Iowa. Or, to J. W. TARLETON, 59 Washington St., Boston, Mass. And please say in what paper this advertisement was seen.

STANDARD MACHINE NEEDLES. SEWING MACHINE OPERATORS. Needles for any machine sent, postpaid, for sixty cents per dozen. Needles warranted and exchanged if not satisfactory. Address NATIONAL NEEDLE Co., 94 Fremont Street, Boston, Mass. Agts wanted everywhere.

THIS IS NO HUMBUG. By sending 35 cts., with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. W. FOX, P. O. Drawer 24, Fultonville, N. Y.

NO! NO! NO! You cannot afford to use poor machinery, neither can you manufacture profitably without having the latest improved contrivances known. Think of it candidly! Can you? Delay no longer! Wake up! Write A. S. GEAR, 56 to 62 Sudbury St., Boston, for catalogue and circulars regarding all Wood and Iron-working Machinery, and order right off the machine you need so much.

MARTIN'S IMPROVED Brick Machine. Is simple in its mechanism, built strong and durable and can be operated by ordinary help. The capacity is 4,000 bricks an hour with steam power, or 2,000 with horse-power. Manufactured and sold by the MARTIN BRICK MACHINE CO., CHICOPEE, MASS.

SEE in another place advertisement about **Iowa and Nebraska Lands.**

DOMESTIC THE LIGHT RUNNING Sewing Machine Is the BEST IN THE WORLD. Agents Wanted. Send for Circular. Address: "DOMESTIC" SEWING MACAINE CO., N. Y.

USE the Reisinger Sash Lock and Support to FASTEN YOUR WINDOWS! No spring to break, no cutting of sash; cheap, durable, very easily applied; holds sash at any place desired, and a self-fastener when the sash is down. Send stamp for circular. Circular and six copper-bronzed locks sent to any address in the U. S., postpaid, on receipt of 50 cts. Liberal inducements to the trade. Agents wanted. Address REISINGER SASH LOCK Co., No. 418 Market St., Harrisburg, Pa.

$5 to $20 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

HORRIBLE! I suffered with Catarrh thirty years, and was cured by a simple remedy. Will send receipt, postage free, to all afflicted. Rev. T. J. MEAD, Drawer 176, Syracuse, N. Y.

WORKING CLASSES MALE OR FEMALE, $60 a week guaranteed. Respectable employment at home, day or evening; no capital required; full instructions and valuable package o goods sent free by mail. Address, with six cent return stamp, M. YOUNG & CO., 10 Cortlandt St, N. Y.

$1.000 REWARD. For any case of Blind, Bleeding, Itching or Ulcerated Piles that DE BING'S PILE REMEDY fails to cure. It is prepared expressly to cure the Piles, and nothing else. Sold by all Druggists. Price, $1.00.

Do You Know It? WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITE is a chemically pure preparation of PHOSPHORUS, one of the most important elements of the Human Body, and the only means by which this LIFE-GIVING and LIFE-SUSTAINING element can be supplied to the system. We guarantee it to be a certain CURE for CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS, and all Pulmonary Affections, and a Specific Remedy for Scrofula, Dyspepsia, Paralysis, Nervous and Physical Debility, and all Nervous Affections. It is unsurpassed as a Tonic and Invigorator and generator of pure and healthy Blood. For further information, Testimonials, Reports of Physicians, &c., send for our Treatise. Price, $1 per bottle. Sold by all Druggists Address J. WINCHESTER & CO., 36 John St., New York.

SEE in another place advertisement about **Iowa and Nebraska Lands.**

GRANDEST SCHEME OF THE AGE. $500,000 CASH GIFTS. $100,000 FOR ONLY $10.

Under authority of special legislative act of March 16, 1872, the trustees now announce the Third Grand Gift Concert, for the benefit of the Public Library of Kentucky, to come off in Library Hall, at Louisville, Ky., on Tuesday, April 8th, 1873.

At this Concert the best musical talent that can be procured from all parts of the country will add pleasure to the entertainment, and Ten Thousand Cash Gifts, aggregating a vast total of Half a Million Dollars currency will be distributed by lot to the ticket holders, as follows:

One Grand Cash Gift,		$100,000
One Grand Cash Gift,		50,000
One Grand Cash Gift,		25,000
One Grand Cash Gift,		20,000
One Grand Cash Gift,		10,000
One Grand Cash Gift,		5,000
24 Cash Gifts,	$1,000 each,	24,000
50 Cash Gifts,	500	25,000
80 Cash Gifts,	400	32,000
100 Cash Gifts,	300	30,000
150 Cash Gifts,	200	30,000
590 Cash Gifts,	100	59,000
9,000 Cash Gifts,	10	90,000
Total, 10,000 Gifts, all Cash,		$500,000

To provide means for this magnificent Concert, One Hundred Thousand Whole Tickets only will be issued.

Whole Tickets, $10; Halves, $5; and Quarters, $2.50. Eleven Whole Tickets for $100. No discount on less than $100 orders.

The object of this Third Gift Concert, like the two heretofore given with such universal approval, is the enlargement and endowment of the Public Library of Kentucky, which, by the special act authorizing the concert for its benefit, is to be forever free to all the citizens of every State. The drawing will be under the supervision of the Trustees of the Library, assisted by the most eminent citizens of the United States. The sale of tickets has already progressed so far that complete success is assured, and buyers are therefore notified that they must order at once if they desire to participate in the drawing.

The management of this undertaking has been committed by the trustees to Hon. Thos. E. Bramlette, late Governor of Kentucky, to whom communications pertaining to the Gift Concert may be addressed. R. T. DURRETT, Pres't. W. N. HALDEMAN, Vice Pres't. JOHN S. CAIN, Sec'y. Public Library of Ky. FARMERS' AND DROVERS' BANK, Treasurer. As the time for the Concert is close at hand (April 8th), parties wanting tickets should send in their orders immediately if they would avoid the rush and delay absolutely unavoidable in the few days preceding the drawing. All order and applications for agencies, circulars and information will meet with prompt attention. THOS. E. BRAMLETTE, Agent Public Library, Louisville, Ky.

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Probate Court held at Belfast, within and for the County of Waldo, on the second Tuesday of March, A. D. 1873.

STEPHEN RAND, Guardian of the minor heirs of A. J. Knowles, late of Thorndike, in said County of Waldo, deceased, having presented his first account of Guardianship for allowance.

Ordered, That the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Republican Journal, printed at Belfast, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Belfast, within and for said County, on the second Tuesday of April next, at ten of the clock before noon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

ASA THURLOUGH, Judge.

A true copy. Attest—B. P. FIELD, Register.

At a Probate Court held at Belfast, within and for the County of Waldo, on the second Tuesday of March, A. D. 1873.

ABNER C. LUCE, Guardian of minor heirs of Mary M. Lufkin, late of Winterport, in said County of Waldo, deceased, having presented his accounts of Guardianship for allowance.

Ordered, That the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Republican Journal, printed at Belfast, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Belfast, within and for said County, on the second Tuesday of April next, at ten of the clock before noon, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be allowed.

ASA THURLOUGH, Judge.

A true copy. Attest—B. P. FIELD, Register.

At a Probate Court held at Belfast, within and for the County of Waldo, on the second Tuesday of March, A. D. 1873.

MARY WHITTEN, Sister of Martha Douglass, late of Monroe, in said County of Waldo, deceased, having presented a petition that some suitable person may be appointed Administrator on said deceased's estate.

Ordered, That the said Mary give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Republican Journal, printed at Belfast, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Belfast, within and for said County, on the second Tuesday of April next, at ten of the clock before noon, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

ASA THURLOUGH, Judge.

A true copy. Attest—B. P. FIELD, Register.

At a Probate Court held at Belfast, within and for the County of Waldo, on the second Tuesday of March, A. D. 1873.

STEPHEN RAND, Guardian of Caroline Knowles of a non compos mentis of Thorndike, in said County of Waldo, deceased, having presented his first account of Guardianship for allowance.

Ordered, That the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Republican Journal, printed at Belfast, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Belfast, within and for said County, on the second Tuesday of April next, at ten of the clock before noon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

ASA THURLOUGH, Judge.

A true copy. Attest—B. P. FIELD, Register.

At a Probate Court held at Belfast, within and for the County of Waldo, on the second Tuesday of March, A. D. 1873.

LAVINA SEAVEY, widow of Eben Seavey, late of Searsport, in said County, deceased, having presented a petition that Willard Mudgett, of Prospect, may be appointed Special Administrator on said deceased's estate.

Ordered, That the said Lavina give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Republican Journal, printed at Belfast, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Belfast, within and for said County, on the second Tuesday of April next, at ten of the clock before noon, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

ASA THURLOUGH, Judge.

A true copy. Attest—B. P. FIELD, Register. 37

JUST RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK OF Confectionery, Fruit, Nuts, Figs, Raisins, &c., &c. Which I shall sell, at Wholesale and Retail, VERY LOW FOR CASH. F. A. FOLLETT, No. 80 Main St., Belfast.

FEATHERS! the VERY BEST, sold by J. C. THOMPSON Dealer In Furniture, Crockery Ware & Room Papers. Cor. Main & High Sts., Belfast.

Produce Wanted! I will pay the highest market price for all kinds of FARM PRODUCE. Potatoes, Pressed Hay, Apples, Beans, &c., &c., delivered at LANE'S WHARF, in this city. E. A. CALDERWOOD. Belfast, Nov. 1872.—tf19

NOTICE! I hereby give notice to the citizens of Belfast, that I will be at the store of Oakes Angier Saturday afternoons, from 2 until 5 P. M., for the purpose of receiving taxes. DANIEL L. PITCHER, COLLECTOR. Belfast, Sept. 26.—tf13

For Sale! The residence of J. B. WADLIN, on Cedar Street. Enquire at 68 Main Street. tf36

Vessels for Sale. Several Schooners, Centre-Board and Keel Vessels. Apply to H. P. UPTON, No. 1 Commercial Wharf, BOSTON, MASS. 3m28

Farm for Sale. The subscriber offers for sale his farm, situated in Prospect, one mile and a half west from the village. Consisting of one hundred and sixty acres of land, with buildings, well wooded and watered, with good orchard of grafted fruit. For particulars inquire on the premises. ISAAC T. SMITH. Prospect, Feb. 4, 1873.—3 tf

House for Sale. The best location in the city. Situated on corner of Church and High Sts., near North Church, opposite Phœnix house, good well water, 2 cisterns all in good order. Further particulars enquire at store in basement, or B. F. STEPHENSON. Belfast, Jan. 20.—3m29

Farm for Sale. A beautiful farm situated in Belfast, 3 miles from the Post office, containing about 70 acres of highly cultivated lands, divided into fields, wood and pasturage. A fine dwelling house, barn and out buildings, two wells of never failing water, and everything that goes to make a first class farm. Also my dwelling house on corner of High street and Corbett's Lane, with 1 1-2 acres of fine land and an excellent orchard. For further particulars call on the subscriber at the last named place. JOHN WEST. Belfast Dec. 19, 1872.—tf24

Farm for Sale. The subscriber offers for sale the well known Cook farm, so called, in Jackson. Said farm contains 120 acres of excellent land, situated at Jackson Centre, and is divided into highly cultivated fields, pasturing and thick wood lands. It is 1 mile from Brooks station, and 100 rods from P. O., and the same from a good meeting every Sunday, and the same from Town House. It is abundantly supplied with water from 2 wells and numerous springs; the house is a story and half with ell, all painted throughout, together with a carriage house, cattle shed, barn 42 by 53 feet, wood house, Blacksmith shop, dung cellar, sheep house, a large orchard mostly grafted fruit. Apply to the subscriber on the premises. EDWARD W. ROBERTS. Jackson, Dec. 30, 1872.—tf23

For Sale! 6000 APPLE TREES. 6 YEARS OLD, of grafted fruit. Farmers why will you buy Western fruit trees, of which you know nothing, when you can for half the price purchase trees raised in your own State, which necessarily must be adapted to the soil and climate, and naturally must, if properly transplanted, thrive and bring forth fruit. PRICE, - - 25 CENTS EACH. For further information apply to the undersigned, at Winterport Village. C. R. MERRILL. Feb. 20th, 1873.—3mos34

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. After 30 Years of trial has proved to be the best healing and pain subduing Liniment in the World. It is recommended with unbounded assurance in all cases of Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Sprains, Rheumatism, Hard Swellings, Bites, Chilblains, Stiffness of the Joints, Frozen Feet, Ears, &c., &c., among all persons, and for Sprains, Founders, Ringbone, Poll-evil, Scratches, Windgalls, Hoof-ale, Spavins, Spring-halt, Saddle, Collar and Harness Galls; also diseases of the Eye and Ear in Horses, Mules or Cattle. MUSTANG LINIMENT WILL ALSO Cure Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Lame Back, Salt-rheum, Poisonous Bites, External Bone and Muscle Affections, Sore Nipples, &c., and may be justly termed the panacea for all EXTERNAL WOUNDS. Remember, this Liniment did not spring up in a day or a year, producing THE MOST ABSURD AND UNNATURAL CURES CLAIMED BY NEW-YORK AND MISSISSIPPI LINIMENTS. But we have the experience of over thirty years of trial, with the most substantial results, and by a multitude of witnesses. If the Liniment is not as recommended, the Money will be Refunded. Do not be imposed upon by using any other Liniment claiming the same properties or results. They are a cheat and a fraud. Be sure and get nothing but Mexican Mustang Liniment. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND COUNTRY STORE-KEEPERS. 25c., 50c. and $1 per Bottle. LYON MFG. CO.

HAGAN'S Magnolia Balm. A FEW APPLICATIONS MAKE A Pure Blooming Complexion. It is Purely Vegetable, and its operation is seen and felt at once. It does away with the Flushed Appearance caused by Heat, Fatigue, and Excitement. Heals and removes all Blotches and Pimples, dispelling dark and unsightly spots. Drives away Tan, Freckles, and Sunburn, and by its gentle but powerful influence mantles the faded cheek with YOUTHFUL BLOOM AND BEAUTY. Sold by all Druggists and Fancy Stores. Depot, 53 Park Place, New York.

USE WARD'S INK. FOR SALE IN BELFAST BY M. P. WOODCOCK. SAMUEL WARD & CO., Propr's, Boston 1y1

GREAT FIRE IN BOSTON. $500.000 Worth of Clothing Destroyed. We the undersigned having made large contracts with Boston Parties for manufacturing Clothing, are now ready to supply our old hands with work. An unlimited number of good vest makers will be wanted after the first of January. They can be supplied with work from our store at Belfast or Monroe. FIFTY GOOD VEST MAKERS will be wanted to work in our shop, beginning on or about the first of January. We have a fine assortment of Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes which we offer at low prices. Belfast, Dec. 13—tf24 POTE & QUIMBY.

THE NEW YORK UNIVERSITY MEDICINES! The Greatest Success of the Age! Branch Office 250 Congress St, PORTLAND. Under Congress Hall, PELEG STAPLES, Agent for the State of Maine and New Brunswick. The University Medicines has been tested by so many, and its merits so well known, that the hue and cry of humbug has lost all its sears. It has cured over 5000 cases in Maine within three years, including all diseases subject to this climate. It has cured over 3000 cases that could not be reached with any other medicines. It has cured many patients after their physicians told them there was no cure for them. It has proved itself to be superior to any other known medicine in the world for the cure of all forms of chronic diseases. CATARRH (the mother of consumption.) Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and many other diseases hitherto considered incurable, readily yield under treatment of the University Medicines. SPERMATORRHŒA, the greatest destroyer of humanity on the face of the Globe. It now may be said the loss of precious vitality without having the slightest idea of the cause, their manhood is daily vanishing and they are gliding into a state of hopeless dotage. Too strong language cannot be used by parents to counsel their children while young to guard against this horrid malady. By so doing they may save their sons and daughters from a ruined health, insanity and a premature grave. Strictly evil and there will be no more appropriations required to enlarge our Insane Asylums. I have cured over 2000 cases of this life and soul destroying malady within the past five years, in the New England States and Canada. I have invariably found that the foundation of destruction was laid before the victim was old enough to know of its evils. Do not let false modesty stand in the way of treatment before the constitution is ruined. Persons afflicted with diseases will please call or send and get a book (free,) wherein they will find their diseases explained, and necessary remedies. Address PELEG STAPLES, 250 Congress St., Portland, Me. Thousands of certificates can be presented if necessary, but if the following are not sufficient to satisfy the most sceptical, 10,000 additional ones would be useless.

Certificates of Cures. Some two years ago my daughter, seven years old, had a severe attack of rheumatic and pleurisy fever which left her in a very dangerous condition. Her liver became deranged, appetite gone, general debility and sinking daily. We employed good physicians without benefit. After having nearly despaired of her recovery we decided to try the New York University Medicine. In two months she was able to go to school, and has not been compelled to lose a day since on account of ill health. CAPT. J. H. THORNDIKE, 18 St. Lawrence street. Portland, June 25th, 1872.

PORTLAND, June 25th, 1872. This is to certify that I have been afflicted with the inflammatory rheumatism for over twenty years. I have employed most of the best physicians in Portland, and paid hundreds of dollars for medicine without any permanent cure. Two years ago last March I was taken with Rheumatic fever; for five weeks I was unable to turn in bed or feed myself; my left arm and hand was reduced to nearly half the size of my right one, and was unable to lift two pound's weight until last July, when I saw the effect of the University Medicine on the daughter of Capt. Wm. Thorndike. I called on Dr. Staples and stated my case. He said he could cure it. I began taking the medicine with the acupuncturation. Before I had taken four bottles I considered myself more free from pain than I have been for twenty years prior to this time. I have not lost a day since. I consider it to be the only safe medicine for the above complaint. WILLIAM J. SMITH, late firm of Pearson & Smith.

PORTLAND, Feb. 17, 1872. DR. STAPLES,—This may certify that I had been troubled with Scrotula all my life. Some three months since I became so reduced that I could not raise myself in bed. In this condition my friend sent for you. With your direct Medicator and Cuticuryic Medicine I was in three days enabled to get up and dress myself. In one week I left Portland and travelled night and day in the South without the least inconvenience. I have since been free from all our Northern climate troubles, and cannot too strong language in recommending the treatment to all afflicted. I am satisfied it saved my life. W. W. ATWOOD, 21 Emery St.

I have been troubled, more or less, for five years, with inflammatory Rheumatism. For the last six months I